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APRIL 13, 1970

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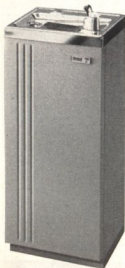
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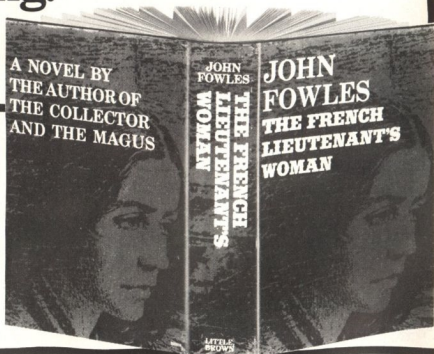
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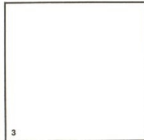
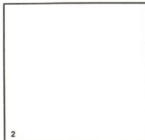
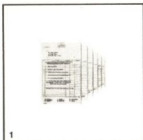
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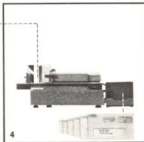
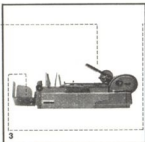
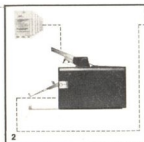
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LETTERS

Backsliders

Sir: Thank you, thank you, thank you for "America the Inefficient" [March 23]. I am rushing a complimentary copy to my contractor, who managed to install five large glass sliding doors to slide the wrong way. We have one of those Monday cars too.

MRS. WILLIAM BRAUNAGE

Honolulu

Sir: What do you mean by inefficiency in America? We had better label what you described ethical irresponsibility.

You also report a U.S. Senator taking money on the side to represent a special-interest group, farms destroying food when we have hungry people, and now a Senator proclaims that we need to fill a Supreme Court vacancy with a judge who will render justice to the mediocre. We are in serious trouble when we must label our greed and selfish lust for power as mere inefficiencies.

R. L. WHITENER

Hindsdale, Ill.

Sir: Your reference to Murphy's Law touches on only part of that ancient Irish potentate's laws. Tradition has it that Finn Cool Murphy was the prosperous sovereign of a happy people. He had charm, deep wisdom, was cultured and a poet. His set of the laws of life refer with circularity to nothing, everything and nothing. They are: 1) nothing is as easy as it looks; 2) everything takes longer than you think it will; and 3) if anything can go wrong, it will.

DANIEL C. MCCARTHY

Manhattan

Sir: The Bay Area Rapid Transit project itself can hardly suffer from the publication of your cover article, but your readers can—if they are inefficiently informed.

It would be tragic if the untrue impression were formed that construction of the 75-mile BART network is not turning out well. In design it will be even better than originally planned. Admittedly, earlier delays were experienced in acquiring the necessary agreements from all official parties, and by additional cost inflation problems (experienced by everyone).

But the marvel is that a project of this magnitude could be accomplished at all by a metropolitan region of so many communities and separate governmental entities. Yet our transit cars are now in production, and we are due to start initial passenger service next year. The entire transit system will be completed in mid-1972, only a year behind the original schedule.

Oh, by the way, those supposedly lost historical lampposts were carefully removed and stored away during subway construction to await the eventual restoration and beautification of San Francisco's Market Street. All are still definitely accounted for.

The erroneous newspaper story—disproved several months ago—stemmed from observance of a similar lamppost in a suburbanite's backyard patio.

B. R. STOKES
General Manager

BART
San Francisco

Sir: I have been trying to contact you to determine the areas of inefficiency in the U.S. I tried to call you but the

phone didn't work; I tried to write a letter to you but the mails don't work; I tried to take a taxi to your office but I couldn't find an empty one.

I walked this letter in.

Is inefficiency really a serious problem?

LEWIS HARRIS

Manhattan

Everyman an Addict

Sir: Whom are we trying to fool? We don't mind if our kids take drugs [March 16]. We help teach them. We use TV to orient them at an early age to the rigors of American life, tension headaches, nervous stomachs, sleeplessness, etc. Then we tell them how to cure these ailments: a pill to go to sleep, a pill to wake up, a pill to calm you down, a pill to pep you up. We tell them that a tension headache will develop if we hurry to meet a deadline, a pill to sweat; take a pill. We get up in the morning screaming for a cup of coffee or a cigarette so we can begin the day. Even the vitamin pill fits into our little scheme. Give the kid his daily vitamin requirement in one pill to get his mind off good food that will enhance his physical well-being; soon he won't have much regard for his body.

Let's face it, we are all addicts of some sort, and the only time our apathy is shook is when or if we find out our own kid is hooked.

(SGT) ROD BLISSETT

U.S.A.F.
Columbus, Ohio

Sir: Your article on heroin addiction is the usual detached, sterile report. You

told us of the methadone maintenance program and loaded us with facts and figures. But did you give any substantial reasons for why "I wanted to get stoned"? The average person today is offered a pre-fabricated life where creativity and originality tend to be stifled by technology. All too often that offer is taken, and nothing more is asked from life.

The real need is not necessarily "... someone to talk to, somewhere to turn." It's learning once again to use one's own creative abilities and finding the desire to demand more of life than just wanting to get stoned.

WILLIAM R. ANDERSON

Mountain View, Calif.

Sir: How ironic that parents who profess to have given their children "everything" apparently did not see the need to instill in them a sense of independence. How much easier it would have been then for these young addicts to have resisted their friends' persuasive arguments that "everybody's doing it."

CHERYL LYNN ROSSON

Rockledge, Pa.

Sir: Might it be in order to suggest that for those convicted a second time of pushing hard drugs, the death penalty be automatically applied? Such a step might be done on a federal level, doing away with the discrepancies existing between various state laws, and it might be more effective than light sentences or fines.

JOHN R. CRAWFORD

Greer, S.C.

Department of the Dog

Sir: Your PEOPLE section quotes President Truman as saying: "I wouldn't appoint John L. Lewis dogcatcher" [March 23]. Perhaps forgotten is the even more pungent Lewis retort: "He [Truman] could ill afford to do this because he would have more brains in the department of the dog than in the State Department" (or words to that effect).

Actually, Lewis and Truman were rather fond of one another.

JOHN H. GULLET

Washington, D.C.

Price of Democracy

Sir: Why have the Jews been singled out as the molders of U.S. foreign policy toward Israel [March 16]? Hasn't it occurred to you that many other Americans realize that here lies the final bastion of freedom in the Middle East? The price to uphold democracy in the Middle East isn't high, it's costly as that which has accrued in the Asian corner of the world. These Americans realize that. Why can't we all?

FRANCINE PACKER

Lawrence, N.Y.

Sir: The logic in the statement that Israel is a "stabilizing force" in the Middle East escapes me. Since Israel was established, three major wars have broken out there, millions have been uprooted from their homes, the Suez Canal has been closed, the great-power relationships have been altered and are presently changing daily, and there is no settlement in sight.

Just how the existence of Israel has benefited the interests of the U.S. is another point that eludes me. Two billion dollars have left our country to support that tiny nation. Moreover, while our political influence and our economic and military

MOVING?

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You'll be amazed at Christopher Columbus' insistence to his dying day that he really *hadn't* discovered a new world. And at a New Jersey Quaker leader's 1760 warning that the consequences of slavery would be "war and desolation."

You'll chuckle as the House of Representatives debates whether to pay the Vice President his salary by the year. (They were afraid that once he got paid he wouldn't show up for work any more.)

You'll be there to hear Daniel Boone claim he was never lost in the wilderness—only "bewildered once for three days."

And in a secret hearing room in the nation's capitol, you'll hear senators accuse Abraham Lincoln's wife of being a spy.

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"No one wanted Henry Wallace—absolutely no one." So said one indignant delegate about FDR's choice of a running mate for a third term. "Name me just one man that did." "Brother," replied George E. Allen, "that I can do—and that one man was Roosevelt."



An Electrifying Feud. In this 1895 scene, George Westinghouse's alternating current drove the streetcars; Thomas Edison's direct current lit the shops. The night glittered while the two rivals feuded over whose current was best.

American history when I was a kid

the most fascinating parts''



Rough Riding. The path of San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War was a bloody, frightening one. But Colonel Teddy Roosevelt's only real fear was of losing his glasses; he had a dozen extra pair hidden in his uniform.



Whale! In 1712 an ill wind blew a Nantucket sloop off course—right into a school of sperm whales. The whaling boom that resulted died 150 years later when another ill wind caused the last great whaling fleet to founder against Arctic ice.



The Hard Road to California. The long route to the Pacific became known as the "trail of the moldering ox," for in their hurry the settlers took no time to bury oxen that died along the way.



Knights of the Sky. Even before the U.S. entered World War I, dashing young American pilots had joined France's famed Lafayette Escadrille. Back at home, an excited American public crowded around newstands to read the latest stories of their daring exploits.



And the King Came Toppling Down. Fervent American patriots melted this lead statue of George III down into musket balls—so the English King's reboots could feel the effects of "melted Majesty fired at them."



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positions have diminished, the position of the Soviet Union has greatly improved in the Middle East. It seems to me that if Israel were to "fall," it would be a tragedy for Soviet foreign policy and a boon to world peace.

S.M. SARICH

Chicago

Not Necessarily So

Sir: The view that "war is the inevitable adjunct . . . of civilization" attributed to me by implication in "The Case for War" [March 9] seriously distorts my position. While war has, to be sure, served some useful social purposes in the past at fearful cost, most of these have become obsolete or can now be achieved by other means. Furthermore, because there have always been wars does not mean that there always will be wars. As conditions of life make war increasingly anachronistic and deadly, if we can defer a nuclear catastrophe long enough, war will probably disappear. Other age-old, universally prevalent institutions, such as slavery or human religious sacrifices, did so when they had outlived their original functions. Surely if humans had the capacity to invent war, they have the capacity to invent substitutes for it.

JEROME D. FRANK, M.D.

Department of Psychiatry
and Behavioral Sciences

The Johns Hopkins University
School of Medicine
Baltimore

Ecological Echo

Sir: Echoes of ECO [March 16]! Ecology students at the University of British Columbia anticipated Secretary Hickel's move months ago, when they formed Environmental Crisis Operation (ECO). Coincidence, or a case of eco-sensory perception? I'll know for sure if Secretary Hickel starts quoting ECO's latest button slogan, "Make Love Not Babies."

WREN Q. GREEN

Vancouver, B.C.

Ray of Light

Sir: Re "Marilyn at the Met" [March 16]: what a pleasant surprise to find, in an issue full of violence and murder, heroin and Laos, the beautiful remark that the blending of voices "fleetingly suggested that the shaky conspiracy called civilization may actually be worth all the trouble." Thank you for this ray of sunshine.

ALBERT H. KIRCHES

Islington, Ont.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME, APRIL 13, 1970

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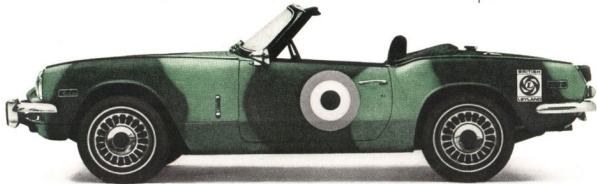
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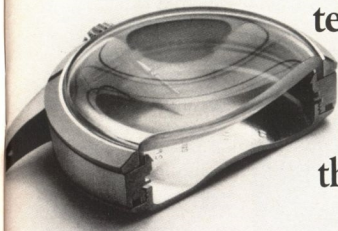


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
April 13, 1970 Vol. 95, No. 15

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

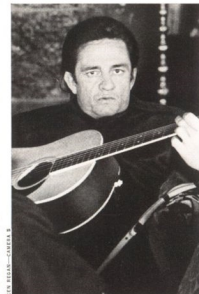
Scopes Returns

Driven out of his profession for teaching Darwinism to high school biology students, John Thomas Scopes left both pedagogy and Tennessee in 1925. He became an oil company geologist, prospected for oil in South America, wrote a book and lived to see the "monkey trial" re-created for Broadway and Hollywood. Last week, accepting an invitation from students at Nashville's George Peabody College for Teachers, Scopes, 70, found himself back in a Tennessee classroom for the first time in 45 years—addressing a biology class.

History has treated Scopes well, and he was greeted like a returning hero. A state representative and a judge even gave him the long-delayed evidence that his battle for academic freedom had been successful: a copy of the 1967 state law repealing the old anti-evolution statute. For his part, Scopes remains outspoken. Self-billed as an "old-time Socialist," he backed sex education in the school, warned that the U.S. is "controlled to a large degree by fanatics" and cautioned that the nation is moving not toward Communism but fascism. Yet the man who was once accused of undermining the *Book of Genesis* made a plea for allowing prayers in the classroom, provided that is what the individual class wants.



JOHN SCOPES



JOHNNY CASH
ABBIE HOFFMAN

Nixon's Numbers

Richard Nixon knew enough about current country-and-western music to put in two requests for a Johnny Cash performance at the White House next week. The President passed the word that he would like to hear *Welfare Cadillac* (as the song's composer spells it) and *Okie from Muskogee*, an almost satirically Middle American hymn ("We don't take our trips on LSD, / We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street, / 'cause we like living right and being free").

The choice of *Welfare Cadillac* seemed especially peculiar. Written five years ago by Guy Drake, a sort of combination Pa Kettle-Tex Ritter, the song portrays the welfare recipient as an im-provident lout battenning on the public purse. ("This house that I live in is mine but it's really a shack, but I always manage somehow to drive me a brand-new Cadillac.")

Nixon's choices did not agree with Johnny Cash's pro-underdog sympathies. When he expressed his reluctance, a White House aide told him that he could sing anything he wished. That free-

dom of song persists, even at command performances, is reassuring. That the President should request a number that ridicules society's least favored souls seems oddly off-key.

Oh, Say Can You See

In the old days when America and television were younger, the networks were frightened of sex. Dagmar had to caulk her cleavage with a doily, Elvis Presley was depicted only from the waist up. Today, TV censors are far more concerned about ideologies of the mind than exposures of the body.

The latest hassle involved a visit to CBS's *Merv Griffin Show* by Chicago Seven Defendant Abbie Hoffman. In mid-taping, the Yippie peeled off his rawhide jacket to reveal a shirt that seemed to be cut from an American flag. After consulting its legal department, CBS decided that there was "the possibility of violation of law as to disrespect and desecration of the flag." It edited the tape to blank out Hoffman's image for the 51-minute interview.

Sometimes it is difficult to understand the excessive solemnity with which Americans treat the Stars and Stripes. What matters, of course, is just who wraps himself in the flag. Uncle Sam wears a flag outfit, and so did Roy Rogers and Dale Evans on a recent television show. Indeed, on the very *Griffin* show on which Abbie Hoffman's shirt was censored, CBS's New York affiliate transmitted an auto commercial showing a salesman hawking his wares in a starred-and-stripped Uncle Sam suit.

Poetic Cop

Beverly Hills Police Chief Joseph Kimble is no one's stereotype of a cop. "I don't buy the Black Panthers," he says, "but at the same time, I feel that if the police spent more time denouncing racism, they would be a lot more effective." It was Kimble who supervised the extraordinarily lenient security forces at Woodstock last year. He even writes verse: "In the silence of the dawn / When attention of the world is gone, / I drop my shield so tears can speak. / Pardon me for being weak."

Such behavior made Kimble numerous friends among the young in the opulent enclave of Beverly Hills, but many of their parents and some of his own force were not enchanted. Accusing him of being, among other things, a "publicity hound," the Beverly Hills City Council two weeks ago voted by 3 to 2 to fire him from the \$19,500 job he had held for a year.

But pro-Kimble forces mustered an army of petitioners. In one hour, 1,200 of the 2,000 students at Beverly Hills High School pledged their support. An *ad hoc* committee called the Beverly Hills Citizens for Law and Justice gathered 2,000 signatures. Last week the council backed into the chief with the classical record collection that he sometimes plays while working.



The Nixon Doctrine's Test in Indochina

FOR as long as the U.S. has been fighting in Southeast Asia, spasmodic crises in the war zone and frequent peaks of protest at home have drawn a wildly fluctuating fever chart. The Nixon Administration now faces a period of high temperature and uncertain remedy.

As the President grappled with a decision about further withdrawal of U.S. troops, the Communists last week launched a new offensive in South Viet Nam. The North Vietnamese and the Pathet Lao continued a threatening drive in Laos. Simultaneously, the North Vietnamese managed to scare the precarious new government of Cambodia. In the U.S., there are signs of reawakening dissent over the war. They have appeared in the U.S. Senate and at the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee and in such unexpected places as the Massachusetts legislature and Governor's office.

For Richard Nixon, Cambodia posed

would violate the Nixon Doctrine, enunciated by the President on Guam last July, that the U.S. from then on would avoid military commitments that might lead to ground-combat interventions similar to Viet Nam.

If that cruel choice becomes a reality, says a White House planner, "we have no answer." He adds: "There is no disposition to go bounding in there with big flat feet." Still, there have been new violations of the Cambodian border by both American and South Vietnamese troops. Colonel Ernest Terrell, senior U.S. adviser in South Viet Nam's Kien Tuong province, exchanged caps and pleasantries with the chief of a border station just inside Cambodia. The colonel explained that he was under orders "to encourage meetings between Vietnamese and Cambodians." The White House insists that these ventures represent no change in U.S. policy. In fact, some at the State Department are delighted at the Cambodian government's protests about border violations. "That's just great," said a high official at State. "We god-damn well mean neutrality, just as they themselves do."

In any case, the North Vietnamese have come to rely increasingly on their sanctuaries in Cambodia as a staging area for troops near Saigon and in the Mekong Delta. The chance to forbid them that safe haven tempts Washington. Yet attractive tactical opportunities can boomerang, as has happened in Laos. Anti-Communist forces there swept the enemy from the Plain of Jars last year, only to see them come back stronger than ever.

50,000 from Where? Cambodia remains a puzzle to not only to Americans but to all concerned; one Soviet diplomat complained last week: "Who in hell knows what's really going on in Cambodia?" In neighboring Laos, the hard-pressed government forces regained some lost ground, providing themselves with a temporary psychological lift, but the strong Communist offensive showed no signs of collapse. Across the border in South Viet Nam, the fresh wave of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong attacks sent U.S. battle deaths sharply up, probably to the worst level in eight months.

This combination of events in Indochina posed a problem for the President as he worked over a decision on stage four of troop reductions in South Viet Nam. The last of the 50,000 troops of stage three are due out by April 15. That withdrawal will bring to 110,000 the total reduction of U.S. troops. So far, the pullbacks have not seriously hurt U.S. combat effectiveness. But if Nixon goes ahead with stage four, some at the Pentagon argue, vital muscle may be cut too soon.

For that reason, the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, General Creighton

Abrams, has asked that the stage-four reduction be postponed a month or two. Failing that, Abrams wants a cut that will total fewer than 50,000 men. Besides having to cope with the Cambodian uncertainties, Abrams is thin on the ground in the northernmost sector of South Viet Nam and disturbed by the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong infiltration from across the border in Cambodia. Even if the President sets the figure at 50,000 or more, he can ease the blow by announcing that number but delaying actual reduction until the situation becomes clearer. He did just that with stage three.

Strong Pressures. A few men in the White House contend that there is a sizable element of public opinion that



U.S. COLONEL WITH CAMBODIAN BORDER GUARD
Worries about big flat feet.

the most difficult problem of prognosis (see THE WORLD). Since the overthrow of Prince Norodom Sihanouk three weeks ago, the capital of Phnom-Penh has lived in fear that 40,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops in Cambodia might exploit confusion in the countryside to march on the capital and upset Premier General Lon Nol's government. From his exile in Peking, Sihanouk has promised to return at the head of an army of liberation. For Washington, the dilemma is: what to do if the situation gets so bad that Lon Nol—who up to now has said that he wants no assistance from outside forces—becomes so desperate that he asks for U.S. troops? To refuse might topple a potential ally and leave the field to Hanoi, which already has a forceful presence along the Cambodian border with South Viet Nam. But to comply



VICTORY MARCHERS IN WASHINGTON
But signs of reawakening dissent.

would like to see the U.S. go all out in Cambodia as it has not in Viet Nam. In support of this view, an estimated 50,000 demonstrators, led by Fundamentalist Preacher Carl McIntire, last week held a "March for Victory" along Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue. Stronger political forces at home, however, are pressuring Nixon to continue the troop withdrawals and avoid entanglements in Laos and Cambodia. Maine's Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie, who has begun a weekly series of speeches attacking Administration policy in Viet Nam, last week accused Nixon of reluctance to respond to a

French proposal for a new international conference on Indochina similar to the Geneva meetings of 1954. While the U.S. announced that it would pursue the matter privately with Paris, the first indications were that most of the interested parties would sedulously avoid taking part.

Secretary of State William Rogers testified for 3½ hours on the Indochina situation before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Chairman J. William Fulbright then took the Senate floor to warn that Vietnamization could lead to "a major military disaster in Indochina." He also argued that North Viet Nam has proved itself to be "the paramount power in Indochina." Said Fulbright: "We ought to welcome North Viet Nam's pre-eminence, because while North Viet Nam has shown itself strong enough to dominate Indochina if left alone by outside powers, it has also shown itself willing and able to resist Chinese domination."

Rallies and Fast. There were other stirrings on the antiwar front. In Boston, Governor Francis Sargent signed a bizarre bill that had passed the Massachusetts legislature by respectable majorities. The law provides that no Massachusetts serviceman can be compelled to go to a foreign combat zone in the absence of a congressional declaration of war. Three servicemen promptly volunteered to test the new law, which is meant to make an odd footnote to American constitutional history.

In Washington, the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee polished plans for nationwide antiwar demonstrations next week, its first major effort since the march on Washington in November. Pickets will show up in front of Internal Revenue Service offices across the nation. Explains Co-Coordinator David Hawk: "We're trying to get people to think and talk about the war in economic terms, to relate high defense spending to high taxes." "Boston tea parties" will be staged at Manhattan's Battery Park and along St. Louis' Mississippi riverfront. Fast, rallies, parades and other demonstrations are planned for more than 30 U.S. cities, from Boston to Los Angeles, from Madison, Wis., to Dallas.

No one, including the organizers of next week's demonstrations, expects the turnout to match the massive outpouring for the first Moratorium Day last October. Still, the renewed attacks at home on his handling of the war in Asia will be yet another factor for Richard Nixon to consider as he compounds a prescription for U.S. tactics in Indochina. In declaring the Nixon Doctrine, on Guam, he pledged that the U.S. would honor existing guarantees to Asian countries, but made it clear that the nation had no heart for another Viet Nam. The Administration is also committed to press on with Vietnamization of the present conflict. Now Nixon confronts the first real test of both that doctrine and that commitment.

THE SUPREME COURT A Not So Simple Issue

"This is not a fight against the President," said Senator Edward Brooke last week. "Our job in the Senate is not one of either going along with or going against the President on a court appointment. It is simply one of approving or disapproving the nominee who is sent to us."

The way the Massachusetts Republican explained it, the matter sounded simple enough. Of course it was nothing of the sort. In the last week of maneuvering and infighting before a show-down vote, the battle over confirmation of George Harrold Carswell as a Supreme Court Justice proved to be a wrenching, almost traumatic experience for the executive and legislative branches of the Government. It invoked conscience, strained party loyalties and gave rise to debate on the constitutional role of President and Congress.

Brooke's statement was in response to a major Administration counterattack on Carswell's foes. In a letter to Republican Senator William Saxbe of Ohio, Richard Nixon denounced their opposition to his presidential prerogatives. "If the Senate attempts to substitute its judgment as to who should be appointed," he declared, "the traditional constitutional balance is in jeopardy" (see box). With that tactic, he thus made the issue an even bigger test of wills, and of his own prestige, than it had been before.

Crank Up. The fact that the Administration had so much at stake had already deprived the nomination's opponents of the backing of the two top Republican leaders, Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and Minority Whip Robert Griffin of Michigan,

PAUL CONKLIN-PIRE



SENATOR EDWARD BROOKE
Pleasant surprise for liberals.

who had been instrumental in defeating Clement Haynsworth. Without that leadership, the few remaining G.O.P. liberals had to scramble among themselves to find an anti-Carswell standard-bearer. The result was the emergence of Brooke, the Senate's lone black, as an effective leader of the liberal bloc.

When jockeying over the nomination began during the winter, there had seemed little chance of arousing much G.O.P. opposition to add to the 40 Democrats expected to be against Carswell. Brooke started to woo such Republicans as Oregon's Mark Hatfield and Robert Packwood, Maryland's Charles Mathias, and Pennsylvania's Richard Schweiker. He never relented. On Feb. 25, he made a floor speech opposing Carswell's elevation. It was a turning point; it got anti-Administration machinery moving.

Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, who had led the opposition to Haynsworth but held back on Carswell in fear of leading a losing battle, was then spurred to action. Says a Bayh aide: "The boss was terribly moved by Brooke's speech."

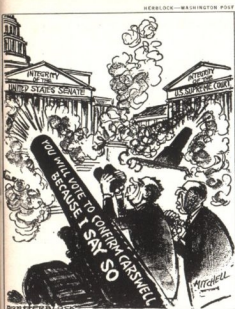
The Constitution

PRESIDENT NIXON's eleventh-hour attempt to stave off rejection of the Carswell nomination was an unusual effort to equate Senate opposition to the President's will with an attack on presidential powers and a threat to the system of checks and balances.

Nixon wrote: "What is centrally at issue is the constitutional responsibility of the President to appoint members of the court—and whether this responsibility can be frustrated by those who wish to substitute their own philosophy or their own subjective judgment" for his. Senate opponents, Nixon argued, were out of bounds in resisting Carswell simply because they felt that there could have been a better choice. He also complained that the opposition Senators were trying to deny him appointment rights that had always been accorded to Presidents of both parties.

At best, the President's letter contained a dubious view of the Senate's constitutional role. The Constitution states that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint . . . judges of the Supreme Court." The responsibility to propose is the President's alone; the power to dispose is shared.

There were few defenders of the President's letter in the Senate, even among Carswell supporters. Constitutional-law experts also criticized Nixon's reasoning. "Presidential carte blanche is repudiated by the very words of the Constitution," said Francis Allen, dean of the University of Michigan law school. Added Philip Kurland, constitutional-law expert at the University of Chicago: "It is quite clear in the Constitution that the



SECOND FRONT

and the Appointment

President and the legislature are responsible for creating a third, coequal branch (of Government)."

When bemoaning the Senators' "own philosophy" and "subjective judgment," Nixon was also on questionable ground. A legislator who ignored his own convictions and feelings would be a poor specimen. And while Nixon may not feel that the charges against Carswell are supportable, his Senate opponents certainly do.

Nixon, of course, is not alone among Presidents in having court nominees challenged. Of the previous 127 nominations to the Supreme Court, 22 were turned down by Congress. President John Tyler had four nominees rejected in two years, Grover Cleveland two in 1894. As for the matter of encroaching on presidential prerogatives, it was just two years ago that Candidate Nixon was successfully arguing that Lyndon Johnson, as a lame duck, ought not exercise his appointment powers by naming Earl Warren's successor.

There is, of course, a widely held belief that the Senate should not deny a presidential appointment unless the individual in question can be proved to have grave and tangible disqualifications. That is more appropriate for Cabinet members and ambassadors than Supreme Court Justices. Certainly a President is entitled to choose the men who will work for him—though the Constitution gives the Senate a veto power. But a Supreme Court Justice serves the nation, not the President, and, unlike political subordinates, usually remains on the bench long after the man who nominated him has retired.

After it was over, he came charging into the office and said, "Crank up; we're going to go."

Doing a Favor. Brooke's new eminence, especially on an issue laden with racial significance, was a pleasant surprise to liberals who had viewed his first three years in the Senate with disappointment. Though the nation's major domestic problem throughout the period was its searing racial turmoil, Brooke had been reluctant to act in the Senate as a representative of all U.S. blacks. Last week he denied assuming any leadership role, protesting that "I'm just a freshman Senator," but he could not help adding with a grin: "I think we will be doing the President a favor if Carswell is denied the appointment."

Though it was questionable whether further argument would change many votes, the count looked so tight at week's end that there was a spate of last-minute maneuvers. A group of 205 former Supreme Court law clerks, including Dean Acheson, urged Carswell's defeat because of his "mediocrity." In a somewhat ludicrous fumble, California Democrat Alan Cranston charged that a black Government attorney had been forced to write a letter backing Carswell. But Cranston failed to check the story with the lawyer, Charles F. Wilson, who later denied it.

Most of the momentum came from Carswell's supporters, however. Besides Nixon's statement, the White House released endorsements of the nominee by eleven of his fellow judges—a measure of questionable value, considering that another seven of Carswell's colleagues refused to back him. In an attempt to head off the vote to recommit the nomination to the Judiciary Committee, an action that would ordinarily mean the death of the Carswell nomination, a majority of the committee signed a letter saying that "no useful purpose" would be served by recommitment—and implying that they would simply bounce the nomination back to the full Senate. No matter what the outcome, it was obvious that the long fight had not only consumed much of the time and energy of the Senate but had also eaten into the store of good will between it and the President.

THE CENSUS Not Really So Nosy

Millions of Americans become incensed decennially at the nosiness of their Government. They forget that the U.S. census is not nearly as outrageously curious as it once was. In 1890, for example, the federal inquisitors asked no fewer than 470 questions. Among the most impertinent: "If there are any idiots living in the house, what is their head size (small, large, or natural)?" "Has the origin of this child been respectable?" "Is this resident habitually intemperate, a tramp, or syphilitic?"

The nine million heads of households who received the long forms by mail

(up to 73 questions) before sending them in last week faced no such questions. The touchiest disclosures they were asked to make were how many children the women in their homes, whether they were married or not, had borne, and whether their quarters had flush toilets. The Census Bureau rejected questions that some governmental agencies wanted it to ask, such as whether the respondents used contraceptives, were illiterate or were paying alimony. The short form (23 questions), received by 36 million households, could easily be completed in 15 minutes or less.

Those who did not get a questionnaire were not really overlooked by the census. They were scheduled to receive personal visits by one of 172,000 special enumerators. These counters also were to visit flophouses, transient hotels, isolated rural areas and other nooks where people could conceivably be missed. Thus, the Census Bureau expected to count all U.S. residents accurately.

That is not to say that the 1970 census was without its quirks. An unem-



ENUMERATOR LEVINE WITH NUDISTS
Important investment in the future.

ployed husband in Philadelphia was told that his working wife must be listed as "head of household" and that he should list himself on the line "wife of head." One of the special enumerators who made house calls, Mrs. Rose Levine, 52, was asked to check residents of a nudist colony at El Cajon, Calif. She kept her clothes on and also managed "to look directly at them and see their personalities," rather than their bodies. Many respondents wondered why the Government asked for their telephone numbers. The answer was reasonable enough: if a questionnaire was not properly filled out, the residents could be asked to supply responses by phone, saving time and money.

High Stakes. The Government considers the \$210 million being spent on the census a solid investment in turning up

statistics that will, among other things, help the nation decide:

► How to apportion thousands of election districts, ranging from the Congress to city council seats. With the new judicial toughness on the one-man, one-vote principle of representation, an accurate count can have a profound effect upon political patterns.

► Where to direct efforts to solve problems of minority groups and the nation's poor by learning how many there really are in the U.S. and where they are concentrated. Civil rights groups have conducted special campaigns this year to make certain that minority populations are fully counted.

► How to allocate funds for such varied governmental programs as highways, schools, hospitals and urban renewal. By noting population shifts, housing conditions and the relationship between where people live and where they work, the census helps local governments, too, make long-range plans. On the federal level alone the distribution of about \$5 billion a year in subsidies depends on census facts.

► How countless private agencies and business firms can best reach their potential clients and customers. The census provides invaluable information for market analyses. Commercial firms will be able to secure computer tapes of this year's census results—though the names of individuals and the information linked to them are protected by law from disclosure.

PROTEST

The Disruptive Dozen

Disappointed when the seven radicals charged with inciting the 1968 Chicago riots were acquitted on the conspiracy counts against them, the Justice Department has been searching for a new opportunity to test the effectiveness of federal law in dealing with disruption. Now it has another chance.

Last October, members of the Students for a Democratic Society's ultraradical Weatherman faction battered Chicago police, smashed windows and beat up hapless passers-by in a futile attempt to disrupt the conspiracy trial. Last week a federal grand jury indicted twelve of their leaders for conspiring, and then actually crossing state lines, to perpetrate the bloody violence that stunned the city. Bringing them to trial will be no simple matter: most of them are in hiding.

The indictments were processed routinely. Moments after they were handed up, the documents went to the office of Court Clerk Elbert Wagner for assignment to a judge. There, an assistant stamped them with a file number, then moved to a row of cubbyholes and drew a sealed block of cards from the one marked CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY. The cards, arranged face down, each bore the name of one of the district's ten active judges. After freeing the top card with a letter opener, the clerk found be-

fore him the name of the trial judge whom he had just selected at random: Julius J. Hoffman.

Tiny Following. The coincidence was as ironic as it was unfortunate. The irascible Hoffman, who presided at the celebrated Chicago Seven trial, has little love for militants. His heavy-handed conduct on the bench and repeated rulings in favor of the prosecution helped the Chicago defendants to assume a martyrs' mantle that they did not deserve. His obvious contempt for the defense also gave ammunition to those who question the administration of American justice. On hearing of Hoffman's selection for the second trial, Jay Miller, executive director of the Illinois chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, said: "It's an absolute disaster. These kids have a tiny following compared with the Chicago Seven, but by the time their trial is over, if it ever gets under

protests at Columbia University and served as S.D.S. chairman there, is national secretary of the breakaway Weatherman faction. Bernardine Dohrn, 27, La Pasionaria of the lunatic left, is S.D.S.'s former interorganizational secretary; Jeffrey Jones, 22, now holds that position in the Weathermen. William Ayres, 25, is the group's educational secretary.

Though bench warrants have been issued for all twelve defendants, no date has been set for their trial and none appears likely to be set soon. Most of them, like other Weathermen, went underground around December. Their friends and families have refused to say where they are holed up. Miss Dohrn has been sought by authorities since she failed to appear in court March 16 to answer state charges stemming from the fall rioting. Kathy Boudin, 26, also charged last week, has been missing



BERNARDINE DOHRN



MARK RUDD



KATHY BOUDIN

Coincidence as ironic as it was unfortunate.

way, the Government may have succeeded in making bomb throwers out of all our kids." Said Judge Hoffman: "I take the cases as they come. I'll treat this one like any other."

This time, at least, the issues are more clear-cut. The indictments charge the twelve with deliberately planning and organizing last fall's "days of rage." Unlike their conduct during the Democratic Convention, the behavior of the police in the later battle was marked by great restraint; they can hardly be accused of fomenting the fight. According to the indictments, the disruptive dozen trained the rioters in karate and techniques for resisting arrest, and formed them into "affinity groups" that attacked policemen, private citizens and property. All twelve face up to five years in prison and \$10,000 in fines for each of the several counts against them.

Who's Who. Some of the names in the indictments constitute a *Who's Who* of rabid radicalism. Mark Rudd, 22, who helped organize the 1968 student

since a March 6 explosion leveled a Greenwich Village town house that police said militants had been using as a bomb factory. So has Cathy Wilkerson, 25, whose father owned the building. She was named in the indictment as a co-conspirator, not a defendant. Two other co-conspirators, Ted Gold, 23, and Diana Oughton, 28, were killed in the Manhattan blast.

Hoffman's posting to another controversial case was not the week's only irony. The grand jury that indicted the Chicago Seven also charged eight policemen with violating demonstrators' rights during the 1968 Democratic national convention. Federal juries have acquitted six, reached no verdict on the seventh, leaving only Patrolman Ramon Andersen, 35, charged with beating a reporter and a college instructor. Last week U.S. Attorney Thomas Foran, unable to find any witnesses to the clubbings but the victims themselves, sought—and received—Justice Department permission to drop the charges.

LABOR

Contracts in the Coachella

Since 1965, Cesar Chavez has been leading *la huelga* (the strike) to unionize California's farm workers and win contracts from the state's powerful agricultural producers. He has concentrated on growers of table grapes, a product that requires intensive labor and is difficult to mechanize. Last week Chavez's United Farm Workers Organization Committee finally dented the opposition. Three Coachella Valley table-grape producers agreed to contracts with UFWOC raising wages 10¢ an hour, to \$1.75, and adding 22¢-an-hour worth of fringe benefits. Said Chavez: "This is a very important day."

Central to the union's limited victory was the nationwide boycott of table grapes that Chavez organized two years ago. That source of pressure, plus rising production costs and a bumper 1969 crop that lowered prices, has driven more than one-third of the 85 Coachella Valley table-grape growers out of business; 1,000 of the valley's 7,800 grape-producing acres have been abandoned. The three growers who reached agreement with Chavez last week have 1,100 acres of the remainder, harvest 1% of California's total table grape crop. One of the three, Lionel Steinberg, was guarded about his contract with the UFWOC, which includes a union-shop clause. "I have some concern that it may not be completely workable," he said, "but I am convinced that I will try and they will try." Steinberg added: "It is my hope that we have commenced a historic breakthrough."

Mixed Appetites. Though Chavez and a group of Coachella growers had negotiated inconclusively for a month last spring, this time there was an extra factor that made the renewed talks successful. In November, at the request of both growers and union supporters, a group of five Roman Catholic bishops, headed by the Most Rev. Joseph Donnelly of Hartford, Conn., intervened to appraise the issues. The prelates then took an active part in the discussions. That, said UFWOC Lawyer Jerome Cohen, "created an atmosphere for conciliation." The union has yet to reach agreement with other Coachella growers or with any producers in the San Joaquin Valley, the state's principal table-grape region, but Donnelly said that he and his fellow bishops were "confident that this breakthrough will serve as a pattern for others."

Until that happens, the strike will go on and the UFWOC will continue to push its boycott of all table grapes—except those bearing the union label of a stylized black eagle against a red background. Said William Kircher, national organization director for the A.F.L.-C.I.O.: "We are going to expect every fair-minded citizen to have an awfully good appetite for grapes with this kind of label, and an awfully bad appetite for the other kind."

ORGANIZATIONS

The Presidential Caper

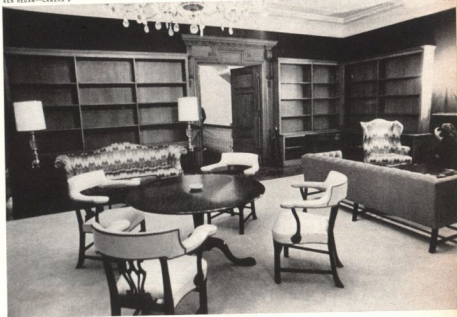
The graceful, spacious mansion stands imposingly just off Manhattan's Fifth Avenue in the select neighborhood of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It bears a most impressive title: The Library of Presidential Papers. Yet it is a library without a librarian. About the only original presidential document there is a John F. Kennedy letter valued at \$175 and apparently signed by his secretary. The building also boasts a presidential bedroom in which no President has ever slept or seems likely even to visit. The organization's letterhead carries a seal so similar to that of the President's that the State Department has protested. Despite these

quarters for the President and his staff.

With no apparent basis, Dormann claimed the support of President Johnson. He also tossed the first names of Government officials around so freely that he persuaded prominent figures to lend their endorsements. More significantly, he managed to raise \$800,000 by 1967, partly by leading some donors to believe that they would receive invitations to dine at the White House. Most of the money was spent on the mansion. Dormann even coaxed Manhattan's celebrity restaurant, "21," into helping to equip a lavish kitchen, ostensibly for sating presidential appetites.

A small point that Dormann and his sponsors seemed to miss was the fact that the Government, through the Library of Congress and the National Ar-

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



LIBRARY'S EMPTY-SHELVED READING ROOM

Imposing monument to hucksterism and tax deductibility.

negative credentials, the "library" last weekend staged a symposium on the presidency at Montauk, N.Y., that attracted some high Government officials, past and present.

The five-year-old project is a monument to what hucksterism and tax-deductible fund raising can create in the way of illusions. It was conceived, promoted and almost executed by Henry O. Dormann, 38, who has said that he is a millionaire and whose closest association with scholarship is a book, *A Millionaire's Guide to Europe* (sample advice: "Hire yourself a private railway train"). The editor-owner of *Servicio de Información Pan Americana*, an obscure public relations service, and an operator in real estate and advertising, Dormann set up the library in 1965 for the grand purpose of collecting all possible presidential documents, either in original or microfilm form, and of providing New York head-

quarters, already does an excellent job of attending to presidential papers. Moreover, microfilm of many such papers exists in more than 100 U.S. libraries, and copies of specific documents are available cheaply to scholars.

Dormann also began bumping into bona fide collectors, who were alarmed at his lack of expertise. A leading Lincoln scholar, Ralph Newman, who is a consultant to the Library of Congress, intervened at a time when the Johnson Administration was considering cooperating with Dormann. Newman warned the White House that Dormann "knew nothing whatsoever about the nature of the project he was attempting," and seemed to be using "our greatest office and name as a public relations device." As word of Newman's advice spread, Dormann discovered that neither Government officials nor university scholars would help him collect papers.

Undaunted, Dormann's board of di-

rectors pursued the project by allowing Dormann, who had become too controversial, to step aside while they searched for a man of some academic status. They selected R. Gordon Hoxie, 51, who holds a Ph.D. in political science and had served as chancellor of New York's Long Island University for four years. He also holds the unusual distinction of having had a branch of his faculty vote that he be fired as chancellor. L.I.U.'s trustees asked for his resignation in 1968. Hoxie helped to get Franklin National Bank Chairman Arthur T. Roth elected head of the library board. When Hoxie is not earning his \$35,000 salary as library president, he is working on a history of Roth's bank.

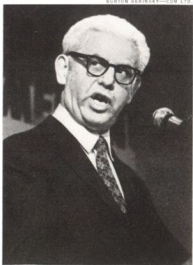
Apparently aware that presidential papers would be difficult to come by and that serious students of the presidency are doing well without his institution, Hoxie now emphasizes the library's potential value to high school pupils. He has also turned to setting up a symposium to discuss aspects of the presidency. Hoxie took along Eisenhower Press Secretary James Hagerty when he went to Washington to line up speakers and guests. President Nixon's communications director, Herbert Klein, agreed to be the main speaker. Hagerty and Johnson's press secretary, George Reedy, accepted invitations to discuss "The White House and the News Media." Also signed up from the Nixon Administration were White House Aides John Ehrlichman and Charles Clapp. About two-thirds of the 150 invited guests turned out. Among the absentees were Ehrlichman and two of Lyndon Johnson's top White House assistants, Walt Rostow and Bill Moyers. Seemingly unimpressed by the proceedings, some participants left before the three-day event was over.

English Novels. Whatever the merits of the symposium, the richly marbled and mainly unused library still stands as an expensive testimonial to Dormann's sense of grandeur. On a visit last week, *TIME* Correspondent Neil MacNeil found that the sixth floor contains what was meant to be the presidential bedroom. Lacking Presidents who want to sleep there, it has been converted into a conference area called "The Teddy Roosevelt Room"; it has a moosehead. The fourth floor contains the library's microfilm collection; it occupies a single drawer and consists of copied George Washington papers. There are three study rooms there, but not a single book on their many shelves.

In the third floor reading room, there is nothing available to read. A "President's Suite," cum carpeted lavatory, and a "First Lady's Room" have been fashioned from the mansion's living quarters. There is also a meeting room for "the President's staff." The second floor is more resplendent. It contains a "Founders and Trustees Room" with real books—mainly decorative leather-bound volumes bought by Dormann.

Many are English novels; none deal with the presidency. The cabinets in the kitchen are emblazoned with the Presidential Seal. The only ghost of a library is a drawing room containing about 1,000 volumes, which relate vaguely to the presidency—and which can be found at most any good bookstore.

While still clinging to pretensions of a potential contribution to scholarship, Hoxie has now abandoned hope on the chimerical possibility that the building might serve Presidents as a New York base. "The sooner that's forgotten, the better," he said last week. For one thing, he notes, security is almost impossible there. An outside stairway even leads from the so-called presidential bedroom to a dark alley. Dormann, however, is irrepressible. "Maybe that's a dream," he says wistfully. "But it's a dream that I hope some day will come true."



CANDIDATE GOLDBERG

were losing their fight for black representation on the ticket.

Item. Though there were already four candidates for the senatorial nomination, the committee voted to allow a fifth into the primary, despite the fact that his party registration had lapsed.

No Advantage. Goldberg and his gambit dominated the meeting, as he had the earlier stages of the competition. The former Labor Secretary, Supreme Court Associate Justice and United Nations Ambassador was acknowledged to be the best-known and probably the strongest Democrat available to run against Republican Incumbent Nelson Rockefeller. For months he had played hard to get. As he assumed various postures of non-candidacy, others crowded in. By convention time, there was a total of seven candidates.

When he finally decided last month



CANDIDATE SORENSEN

A gambit dominated the meeting.

NEW YORK

The Bossism Bogy

Looking out mournfully over the tumult in a resort meeting hall called the Playhouse, New York State Democratic Chairman John Burns last week asked the 345 state party committeemen: "Why have chaos when you can have order?" The question was rhetorical: New York Democrats regard chaos as their birthright. Even so, as they gathered to designate the regular party ticket for Governor, U.S. Senator and other statewide offices, they outdid themselves.

Item. After skillfully engineering the committee's overwhelming endorsement of his candidacy, Arthur J. Goldberg coolly told his backers that he would "waive" the designation and go into the primary like any other candidate.

Item. Led by U.S. Representative Shirley Chisholm ("God help the Democratic Party"), embittered black and Puerto Rican committee members staged a walkout, when they feared that they

to abandon coyness, Goldberg immediately attracted the support of party organization chiefs, who want a winner. Just as promptly, Goldberg was tagged as the boss-dominated candidate. Though the accusation is routinely made in many campaigns, the bossism bogy rankled Goldberg. As soon as the bosses had got their followers to designate Goldberg at the convention, he announced that he favored an open primary. "We will all be equal before the voters," he declared. "I don't want any advantage. I don't need any advantage. I have therefore decided to run in the primary without the benefit of the designation you have given me."

Though his statement caused even election-law experts to ponder the legal implications, the gambit amounted to very little. Goldberg was still the party's official designee, which means that his name will appear automatically on the June primary ballot. However, his backers will also circulate nominating petitions, the procedure that others with-

out the blessing of the party must follow to get on the ballot. Though some of the opposition may drop out, Goldberg's major competition for the nomination currently includes Robert Morgenthau, the former U.S. Attorney in New York; Eugene Nickerson, Nassau county executive; and Howard Samuels, millionaire industrialist and former Under Secretary of Commerce.

Ethnic Unbalance. Yielding to the party's insurgent elements, Goldberg procured the committee's endorsement of a black candidate for Lieutenant Governor—Basil Paterson, now a state senator from Harlem. For the Senate spot, the state committee designated Theodore Sorensen, John Kennedy's biographer and onetime aide. He will face a stiff primary contest from Paul O'Dwyer, a popular labor lawyer and civil liberties advocate. The vote will be further diffused by the presence in the primary of U.S. Representative Richard Ottinger and Morris Abram, former president of Brandeis University.

The Democratic slate that emerged last week was unusual in its lack of ethnic balance. Goldberg is Jewish, as are the candidates chosen by the state committee for controller and Attorney General. Outside of New York City, a ticket including three Jews and a black could be a serious liability.

The Republican state committee meets this week in a sea of calm. Rockefeller faces no competition for the nomination and can concentrate both his energy and considerable financial resources on the general election. Republican Senator Charles Goodell, however, has evoked conservative wrath by swinging far to the liberal side on a number of issues and by his dovish stand on Viet Nam. He is being challenged by Ralph de Toledano, the conservative author of *The Winning Side: The Case for Goldwater Republicanism*. De Toledano is not well known but, with William F. Buckley as his mentor and campaign manager, he should be able to stage at least a lively effort.

COMMUNITIES

Children as Hostages?

Almost from its beginning in 1950, the program giving federal aid to "impacted districts"—the awkward bureaucratic term for school systems serving large numbers of federal employees' children—has been the subject of dispute. Each President since Dwight Eisenhower has tried to reform the subsidy scheme or reduce it. Each failed. The basic inequity is that most of the money goes to areas where the Government personnel live in the community and pay real estate tax, rather than to needier towns where the employees live tax-free on Government installations. But the districts of 385 U.S. Representatives benefit from the subsidy, making reform politically difficult.

Last week a breakdown in the system made 8,200 Nebraska schoolchil-

dren pawns in a bureaucratic clash. Thousands of youngsters elsewhere could also become involved.

High Tuition. The Nebraska case involves the town of Bellevue (pop. some 20,000), which has a student enrollment of 10,800, the majority of whom come from nearby Offutt Air Force Base, home of the Strategic Air Command. On the basis of last year's subsidy, Bellevue expected to get about \$2,900,000 this year, or 45% of its school budget. The dispute between the Nixon Administration and Congress over the size of the entire education appropriation for the current fiscal year resulted in a compromise that left impacted-aid at roughly the same level as last year. The appropriation made no provision for increasing costs and rising enrollments or for special problems encountered by districts like Bellevue, which has a relatively low tax base of its own. Of the 8,200 children of federal personnel, 4,500 live at Offutt and only

the threat of growing controversy in which children will be held hostage. Grand Forks, N.D., is now threatening to charge tuition. Langdon, N.D., the future site of an anti-ballistic missile installation, has said that it will bar servicemen's children from its schools unless Washington fully defrays local expense for their education. Finally, HEW said that it has now developed a program of reform that it will submit to Congress some time this year.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Camera Shy

John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson spoiled news photographers assigned to the White House. Nowadays the cameramen are thinking wistfully of the good old days: of shots of John John playing under his father's desk, of a husky Kennedy in bathing trunks on a Southern California beach, of L.B.J. raising his shirt to show his surgical



WITH BANDAGE (1970)



CLIMBING ABOARD (1955)

3,700 in homes that are on tax rolls. Bellevue is now to receive \$658,000 less than it anticipated. About 30 other school districts around the country are in a similar quandary.

The reaction of Bellevue officials, led by School Superintendent Richard Triplett, was to fight. The school board voted to charge service families tuition for the balance of the current school year. The rate: more than \$100 per child. Many of the servicemen simply cannot afford to pay. Major General Timothy Dacey, S.A.C.'s chief of staff, instructed his men to send their children back to school this week without making any payment.

Hostages. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare argued that it would be illegal to impose fees. Replied Triplett: "We're challenging HEW. We feel that we can charge tuition." If the school district remains adamant, however, it risks losing all of its education subsidy. HEW at first hesitated to produce needed funds with which to bail out Bellevue. Last week the Government gave the town an earlier-than-usual payment to tide it over. But the sum was still pegged at the low rate.

Beyond the immediate deadlock is

scar or hoisting his beagles by the ears.

Richard Nixon is not about to be caught by anyone's candid camera. Laments one White House photographer: "We pretty much do the ceremonial stuff in the office—bill signings, Cabinet meetings. The photographic image of Richard Nixon is of a man taking a shower with his suit and vest on."

That is precisely the way Nixon wants it. He may be the most exceptionally private President since Calvin Coolidge—and of course he may be scared by a 1960 campaign memory of what a camera can do with his image. These days, even Olive Atkins, the official White House photographer, pleads vainly for some "humanizing" shots of Nixon boating off Key Biscayne. The President may be inhibited here, too, by the memory of a 1955 fishing expedition in the Florida Everglades when he fell overboard and was pictured for posterity hauling himself out of the drink. Last week when Nixon clambered ashore at Key Biscayne from a boating trip, he sported a small bandage over his left eyebrow, having apparently banged his head when the boat pitched. The forlorn photographers were left to dream about yet another shot that they had missed.

American Scene: Participatory Democracy

AT mud time in New England—a kind of fifth season between winter and spring—residents in scores of towns still assemble for one of American democracy's oldest rites: the town meeting. The tradition is as old as the colonies and, some say, retains about as much relevance as a ducking stool. As population increases and modern municipal problems intrude, many Yankee communities find that they need the expertise and steady ministrations of professionals. Yet in smaller towns the annual caucus survives as a functional exercise in participatory democracy.

In mud time 1970, 120 of the 596 inhabitants of Mount Vernon, Me., gath-

There is also a sense of stability. Apart from minor vandalism there has not been a crime for years. Despite the poverty, a welfare budget of \$1,000 suffices; few are willing to apply for public assistance.

In the schoolhouse, which also serves as the town office, friends who had not seen each other since the first snows of winter exchanged exuberant greetings. Then the townspeople settled down to choosing their three-member board of selectmen and debating a \$117,280 town budget. They approved \$9,000 for a new school bus and \$100 for steel roofing to cover the shed that houses salt to spread on winter roads. But no, they

runs Mount Vernon, crustily invited any doubters to check the receipts at the bank. One of Mrs. Smith's responsibilities is to record the town's deaths, births and marriages. These days, however, she publicly reports only the deaths, because she noticed a lot of her neighbors snickering at the short time elapsed between some marriages and births.

No Lightning. Before recessing for cookies and coffee provided by the Women's Auxiliary, the townspeople discussed their \$64,000 school budget. Superintendent Perry Shibles reported that they would have to spend at least \$6,000 on new teachers and raise the salaries of those already working in Mount Ver-

STEPHEN NICHOLS



RESIDENTS AT TOWN MEETING IN MOUNT VERNON, ME.
An older communal spirit not unlike that of hippie settlements.

ered at the elementary school for the 182nd annual meeting since the first one was held in 1788. Also attending was TIME Correspondent Gregory Wierszinski. His report:

Twenty miles northwest of Augusta in hilly farm country, Mount Vernon is too poor to be a traditionally quaint New England town. At the start of the century, it had a flourishing sawmill, gristmill, tannery and barrel factory. By 1940, the industries were gone. Now the townsmen cut lumber or work in neighboring communities in shoe factories, mills or government offices. The average family income runs between \$3,000 and \$4,000 a year. "Downtown" is a cluster of frame buildings, including the abandoned log mill, a general store and a pizza joint. It was in Mount Vernon, where his mother lives, that Erskine Caldwell wrote *Tobacco Road*—and he might have been inspired by the setting, if not the climate.

Mount Vernon's people are nonetheless proud, independent and intent on keeping the town alive. At least part of their pride derives from the fact that they very literally govern themselves.

would not repair a section of road leading to the house of the community's second-largest taxpayer. An appropriation for other winter road maintenance was passed, however, as a housewife exclaimed: "I got stuck twice and couldn't get the old man to work."

A proposal to allot \$600 to help the state root out a blight called pine blister rust went down because, as one man said: "We can do it better, and for nothing." One item on the "warrant," or agenda, suggested replacing Mount Vernon's 22 conventional street lights with 17 mercury-vapor lights to provide better illumination. When the first selectman explained that the change would increase the monthly electric bill by \$25.90, a resident shouted: "Forget it!" It was unanimously voted down.

Short Time. There was some excitement over the town's accounts, which have been in disarray since 1967, when the selectmen did not bother to submit a financial report. "I wish to ask the town treasurer," one citizen snapped, "why there are so many discrepancies in her accounting." Mabel Smith, town clerk and treasurer, a sturdy, pugnacious widow who between meetings virtually

non. The townspeople gasped but went along with the proposal.

Jefferson called the New England town meeting "the best school of political liberty the world ever saw." To a degree, the town meeting represents an older communal spirit not unlike that of hippie settlements. Now the technology that the communards seek to escape is beginning to close in on towns like Mount Vernon. Until a couple of years ago, Mount Vernon was served by crank telephones and calls routed by two elderly operators who knew everyone in town. One townsman recalls: "They knew where everybody was and used to transfer calls if you were visiting somebody. Now we just have this dial stuff that gets only a lot of noise in the receiver."

There was little superfluous static at the town meeting. Moderator Robert Johnson managed the session with quiet efficiency. For one thing, the townspeople have a deep respect for parliamentary procedure and law. For another, the bootlegger who used to supply enlivening white lightning has been dead for several years. Nowadays the nearest liquor store is twelve miles away.

GM

MAKING EXCELLENCE



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Maybe.

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THE WORLD

The Drive to Make Lenin a Secular Saint

IF Vladimir Ilyich Lenin were one-tenth as modest as the Russian history books make him out to be, he would be mortified. Last week, as the April 22 centennial of Lenin's birth approached, a flood of books, articles, paintings, plays, movies, symphonies, posters, busts, lapel buttons, and even special candy bars washed over the Soviet Union and some 100 other countries as well. The atheistic Soviet state is coming very close to conferring secular sainthood on its founder.

The buildup has reached an intensity that boggles Western minds as well as many Russian ones. More than 800 editions of Lenin's works have been published for the centenary. Throughout the Soviet Union, bookshops are crammed with such works as *Lenin and Modern Statistics* (in three volumes) and *Lenin and Philosophical Questions of Relative Physics*. For foreign consumption the 55-volume "Complete Works" has been translated into English, French and Finnish. Dmitry Shostakovich and Aram Khachaturian have composed new works to Lenin's memory, and six Soviet movie companies have made no fewer than 14 feature films about Lenin in the past six years. Factories, store windows and hotel lobbies are festooned with his picture, always in the inevitable heroic poses: addressing workers, receiving peasants in the Kremlin, studying hard as a boy, consoling his mother after his brother's execution by the Czar, trudging off through the snow to Siberian exile. Across Moscow streets hang bright banners with somewhat less than pithy inscriptions. Sample: LET'S IMPLEMENT LENIN'S IDEAS IN OUR LIVES.

Big in Baltimore. To hear Tass tell it, the whole world is caught up in a frenzy of anticipation. Interest in Lenin is growing in American cities, says Tass, including Baltimore, where his books are "undoubtedly most popular with youth." Calcutta and Mogadishu, capital of Somalia, have renamed streets for him. According to Tass, Indian students have asked their Soviet friends to send them seedlings from Ulyanovsk because "they want to grow trees from the motherland of Lenin." He was the subject of an "international" meeting in Bamako, Mali, and of a quiz show on Radio Sierra Leone. A program called *Lenin Soirées* is reported to be "greatly popular with televisioners in Brazzaville," while in Paris, "thousands of excursionists" have visited the apartment on Rue Marie-Rose where Lenin once lived. Tass failed to note, however, that the Paris city council has just churlishly refused to rename the street in Lenin's honor.

Though Lenin's birthday may not be quite the international event that the

Soviet press makes it out to be, the deification clearly fills a deep domestic political—and psychological—need. "Please remember, for us Lenin is an icon," declared a ranking Soviet official. The icon, moreover, serves an up-to-the-minute function. In a year scarred by serious economic shortcomings and rumors of rifts at the top, Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksei Kosygin have invoked Lenin's ideas to enhance their collective leadership and his image to associate themselves with the heroic struggles of the past. By emphasizing their identity with Lenin as the authentic interpreter of Marx and the innovator of Socialist power, the Soviet leaders have also sought to buttress their position against Mao and Communist China.

The adulatory overkill has grated on

DAVID BARN



SOVIET CENTENNIAL POSTER

the nerves of many Russians. The Soviet youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, under the headline WHAT FOR?, has attacked the "pomposity and bombast" surrounding some of the celebrations. Wry jokes circulate in Moscow, not about Lenin the man—whom Russians indeed revere—but about Lenin the oversold commodity. One tells of a contest for the best statue honoring the writer Pushkin. First prize is awarded for a statue of Lenin, second for a statue of Lenin reading Pushkin, and third for one of Pushkin reading Lenin. (Pushkin, as it happens, died 33 years before Lenin was born.)

Yugoslav Challenge. According to another wisecrack, first, second and third prizes will be awarded for the best jokes about the Lenin anniversary: 15, ten and five years' exile respectively in Shushenskoye, the Siberian town to which Lenin was exiled under the Czar. Also making the rounds is the story of an elderly citizen who writes to his party committee for a new apartment, then to the Central Committee and finally to Lenin himself, but receives no answer. He goes to the Central Committee and asks to see Lenin, but is told by the Party Secretary that Lenin died in 1924. "Why is it that when the party needs Lenin he is alive," demands the old man, "but when I need him he is dead?"

Even ruder noises have been heard abroad. The Yugoslavs have openly challenged Moscow's pretensions that the Brezhnev doctrine, which asserts Moscow's right to intervene in other countries to defend "Socialism," is a pure reflection of Leninist thought. The Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia, far from accepting any idea of Lenin's sainthood, weighed in with a condemnation of him (see RELIGION). The Chinese line has been downright blasphemous. It was on the eve of Lenin's birthday ten years ago that Peking's theoretical journal *Red Flag*, in an editorial entitled "Long Live Leninism," fired the first shot in the Sino-Soviet conflict by challenging Moscow's claim to be the only true interpreter of Lenin's thoughts. Lately the Chinese have been emphasizing that Mao Tse-tung has carried Lenin's theories to a "higher and completely new stage" by integrating "the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism with the concrete practice of revolution." In apparent anticipation of the centennial, the Chinese party has attributed the "theoretical basis" of its thinking to something called "Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse-tung thought." It is an inventive bit of phrasemaking that definitely one-ups the Russians. While the Soviets have been busy turning Lenin into an icon, the Chinese invented a new trinity of Communism.

Blueprint for a Better System

The Soviets have traditionally found it difficult to talk realistically about the faults and failings of their society. In the past two years, a courageous new voice has arisen to question the official pretensions of infallibility. It belongs to Physicist Andrei Sakharov, 48, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, whose own views are believed to mirror those of many Russian intellectuals. In 1968 Sakharov wrote a 10,000-word essay, studied with great interest in the West, that called for a *rapprochement* of the capitalist and Communist systems and for greater personal freedoms in the Soviet Union.

Last week a new Sakharov essay was circulating in Moscow.* In it, Sakharov warned that unless the Soviet Union changes drastically, it will be unable to solve its grave problems. Citing such signs as a rise in alcoholism and drug addiction as symptoms of Russia's malaise, Sakharov wrote: "At the end of the '50s our country was first in the world to have launched the Sputnik and send a man into space. At the end of the '60s we have lost our leadership, and the Americans have become the first to land on the moon. Now, at the start of the '70s, we see that having failed to catch up with America, we lag further and further behind."

Essential Freedom. Does this prove the superiority of capitalism over socialism? "Of course not," declared Sakharov. The problem, as he sees it, is that the Soviet system is still laboring under autocratic practices left over from the Stalin era. Freedom of ideas and information, he declared, are essential to the growth and success of a modern economy. He criticized the present regime's handling of intellectual dissenters, who seek to reform the Communist system from within. As Sakharov asked in the essay: "How can one justify the detention in prisons, camps and psychiatric clinics of persons who, although in opposition, act entirely within the framework of law?"

As a remedy for the country's ills, Sakharov proposed a 14-point program of gradual democratization. It would begin with such measures as the accessibility of information about the state, the sale of foreign books and periodicals, and the creation of a public opinion institute. Eventually his program would lead to amnesty for political prisoners, reform of legal and educational systems, and direct elections offering a choice of candidates for party and state posts. Sakharov warned that unless the Soviet Union moves in this direction, it will decline to a second-class power. "Tightening the screws," he wrote, will not solve any problems, "but on the contrary will lead the country into a tragic dead end."

* It was also signed by two lesser-known scholars, Historian Roy Medvedev and Physicist Valentin Turchin.



LINE-UP OF VIET CONG SUSPECTS IN CAMBODIA

The Three-Theater War

ONLY a few months ago, much of the world was concerned about the Viet Nam War, with perhaps an occasional sigh over the related but gentler conflict in neighboring Laos. Now, with unexpected suddenness, the conflict in Southeast Asia has come to be known by a far more encompassing term: the War in Indochina. It is an uneasy escalation, since it poses new problems for everyone involved, specifically including the Communists as well as the U.S. and its allies (see THE NATION). If the conflict is broader and more dangerous, though, it is still being fought in three theaters in which the conditions remain considerably different. Last week South Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos reverberated each in its own way to the mounting storm.

South Viet Nam

At a few minutes past midnight on April 1, the Communists launched what U.S. officials termed the spring offensive. At least 115 allied targets were pounded by mortar and artillery fire, and at least five significant ground attacks were reported. The onslaught was convincing proof that the enemy still has the strength and command coordination to launch countrywide attacks with great precision. The attacks were also proof—if any more was needed—that the heavy and continuous U.S. bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail complex in eastern Laos had not materially damaged Communist supply lines.

Last week's offensive was the largest enemy drive in the past eight months but, according to U.S. officers, it came as no surprise: recent intelligence pinpointed the onslaught almost to the minute. The most ferocious attack was against an artillery base near the Cambodian border, where a direct hit on an

ammunition storage bunker killed more than 20 Americans—the highest single loss since May 1968. After a brief pause, the Communists at week's end renewed their attacks, mainly along the Demilitarized Zone and the Cambodian border. An eight-hour battle near Con Thien represented the heaviest fighting along the DMZ in nearly five months.

Cambodia

Despite the new outbreak of fighting in Viet Nam, Cambodia seems at present to be the most dangerous situation. In the first days after the overthrow of Prince Sihanouk by Premier General Lon Nol and Deputy Premier Prince Sirik Matak, there was next to no opposition to the new regime. But during the past two weeks, violent pro-Sihanouk demonstrations have taken place in at least half a dozen rural areas. The worst outbreak known thus far occurred in the town of Kompung Cham, where Vietnamese agitators led a pro-Sihanouk riot. Before Cambodian troops could put down the fighting, Lon Nol's brother reportedly was hacked to bits by the mob. In all, at least 29 civilians died and 60 more were wounded.

Publicly, local Vietnamese were blamed for what seems to have been a V.C. order to riot; but a Cambodian official admitted privately that "most of the mob were Cambodians. They were confused. To them Sihanouk was a god-phrase—we cannot undo in a few days what Sihanouk did in years."

In Phnom-Penh, troops were everywhere last week. Tanks and armored cars guarded the Defense Ministry and the main post office. Sandbags were piled around entrances to military installations. In the capital's streets,

continued on page 30

A Half Step Toward Home

EVEN as the fighting in Viet Nam suddenly flared, the U.S. was completing its third—and largest—troop reduction since President Nixon took office 15 months ago. By next week some 115,500 fewer U.S. soldiers will be serving in Viet Nam than during the high point of the American commitment in early 1969, when the troop count reached 543,400. Like so much else about the Viet Nam War, the U.S. withdrawal is complex and at times confusing. On Pentagon recommendations, the military is cutting back on replacements rather than literally "bringing the boys home." Thus, to the Americans most interested in withdrawal—G.I.s already serving in Viet Nam—the whole process seems little more than a numbers game.

The special nature of the U.S. scale-down was evident last week at Di An, 11 miles northeast of Saigon. There, as a bugler sounded taps, an honor guard struck the colors of the U.S. Army's First Infantry Division, the famed "Big Red One." It had been the first full Army division to arrive in Viet Nam in 1965 and now, as part of the third-phase reduction, it was being shipped back to headquarters in Fort Riley, Kansas. That did not mean, however, that its troops were going home. Only the 340-man honor guard, carrying the colors, left Viet Nam as First Infantry members. The large majority of the division's 17,000 men have been reassigned to vacancies in other outfits to complete their one-year stint in Viet Nam. The transfer process is more efficient than filling such vacancies from Stateside, of course, but it does not please the individual G.I.s. "Man, Nixon's just foolin' the people," said one disappointed trooper. "The division's goin' home, but all of us are stayin' right here, still humpin' it."

Disastrous Curve. As the Big Red One prepared to disband, TIME Correspondent Burton Pines observed the process. His report:

During the last few weeks, Division Commander Major General Albert E. Milloy, determined to carry out his primary mission of fighting until the last possible moment, ordered banners flown at every base urging his men to "Make Every Day Count." The troops had their own slogan: "Count Every Day."

The division's battlefield responsibilities, centered over an 880-sq.-mi. area north of Saigon in III Corps, were assumed largely by South Viet Nam's Fifth Division. Much of the Big Red One's equipment, including 27,000 weapons, 4,500 Jeeps and trucks and 500 artillery pieces, was handed over to the South Vietnamese and other U.S.

units. As the pull-out date neared, non-essential supplies all but disappeared. The base PX ran out of everything but men's swim trunks. Two "massage" parlors and the Crossroads Bar just outside the main base, foreseeing a disastrous curve in the local business cycle, closed down.

Parts of the base were taken over by ARVN troops, who brought their wives and several dozen crowing chickens. U.S. commanding officers, faced with Army paper work even in withdrawal, stayed up late attending to forms recommending promotion, awards and discipline. The division handed out more than 17,000 awards—better than one per man—during its withdrawal phase. The commander of the only remaining regiment in the field, Colonel Paul Brain,

sonnel carriers and exploding huge piles of rusty ammunition and moldy grenades. "Sure, Charley's in the area," said a platoon leader. "But why should he snipe at us as we leave? If he waits another week, he has the Fifth ARVN all to himself."

That night, between turns at patrol duty, the men brewed cocoa from their C-ration packs, listened to rock and soul music on a Japanese cassette recorder, and played poker with a deck of pornographic cards. There was a certain amount of bitterness about not going home with the division. The angriest man was Sergeant Albert Barnett, 24, who had been assigned to the First Infantry from a unit withdrawn last year and was about to be transferred to his third division in less than twelve months. There was also apprehension about joining a strange outfit. Explained Sergeant Jack Hatcher, also reassigned: "When you're pinned down in a firefight, you've just got to know instinctively how the guy next to you reacts. Everyone here has been through that kind of hell once, and no one likes the idea of having to do it again."

Flashing V-Signs. The next morning, the ride back to base camp lasted five hours. As tanks, trucks and personnel carriers stretched out in a mile-long convoy, it seemed for a while as if the Yanks really were going home. G.I.s jubilantly squirted shaving-cream peace symbols around the white stars on their vehicles. South Vietnamese kids flashing V-signs lined the streets of villages along the way while helicopters flew overhead. Two miles from base camp, the convoy halted. Officers ordered the men to wipe off the peace symbols. Gunners turned their 50-cal. machine guns to the rear. Troopers removed the ammunition clips from their M-16 rifles. Private Crispian Guerra, one of the few men whose nearly complete tour of duty entitled him to accompany the division home, muttered tiredly: "This goddam war is over."

For most, it was simply in recess for a few days while the formalities of transferring to another division were completed. The base camp scheduled U.S.O. entertainment and each company bought nearly 300 cases of beer and soft drinks for its men, a ratio of about two cases per trooper. Then, after four days, the men lined up for new immunization shots, dog-tag replacements, their most recent paycheck and whatever ribbons had been awarded them. The last stop, before boarding a bus for their new assignment, was the camp tailor shop, where half a dozen South Vietnamese girls busily sewed on the shoulder patch insignia of each man's new division.



BIG RED ONE'S LAST PATROL

held a farewell party for his staff officers. The junior officers spent the evening spraying each other with beer and trying to recall the words to old war songs. The majors and lieutenant colonels chatted quietly about their new assignments as advisers to South Vietnamese units. On the last day in the field, Colonel Brain issued a final order to his battalion commanders: "You've got 18 hours left. Go out there and kill some Charley."

One battalion commander, without actually contradicting these orders, quietly passed the word that he wanted "everything to go at half step." In nearly 57 months of combat, the division had already lost 2,700 men dead, 17,600 wounded, and he did not want to add to that total. His men spent most of their last day cleaning armored per-

student volunteers performed military drills. In the countryside, tension remained high. In Takeo, site of a large pro-Sihanouk demonstration, the assistant governor told *TIME* Correspondent David Greenway how the Viet Cong stir up support for the deposed prince, who is now reported to be in Hanoi conferring with North Vietnamese leaders. "At night the Viet Cong come to the villages and play tape recordings of Sihanouk's speeches from Peking," he said. "I expect a difficult hour is coming."

For the new regime, the building of new loyalties was clearly the core of the problem. Underscoring that point, the new leaders released 486 of Sihanouk's political prisoners from the Phnom Penh Penitentiary. Later in the week it became even more apparent that the new government would need all the support it could muster. Reports reached Phnom-Penh that Cambodian troops were battling large Communist forces in Snuol and in Svay Rieng province. In Svay Rieng, 200 to 300 Vietnamese Communists launched a brief night attack against the district headquarters town of Chi Phou, but were held off by Cambodian troops. At the same time, other Communist units attacked a small village near Chi Phou, and a third force burned down the community hall of the village of Bavet. According to the district chief, Communist troops are beginning to run short of supplies as a result of Phnom-Penh's decision to cut off supply routes. Last week's series of attacks may have been intended as a warning of what lies ahead if the supply cutoff continues.

Laos

Laotian forces under General Vang Pao scored a success of sorts by reoccupying Sam Thong, a U.S. refugee aid base. Fearful of U.S. airpower, the enemy had never fully occupied Sam Thong, simply remaining in the hills. Vang Pao took an active role near his threatened base at Long Cheng. An enemy mortar position was giving his troops severe trouble, and counter-battery fire had failed to knock it out. Vang Pao, with U.S. Ambassador George Godley as a witness, sighted along the barrel of a 105-mm. howitzer as if it were a squirrel rifle and barked instructions. The first round was wide of the mark. So was the second. Using "Kentucky windage," Vang Pao made another adjustment. The third round scored a direct hit. Later, he knocked out an enemy machine-gun nest with the same tactic.

The retaking of Sam Thong raised the morale of Prince Souvanna Phouma's government. But at week's end, after a transient lull, the Communists launched a new rocket and mortar attack on Sam Thong, advancing to within 200 yards of the base's airstrip. There was also ominous evidence of continued Communist buildups around Vang Pao's home base just 20 miles to the south.

JAPAN

Samurai Skyjackers

The Japanese have a genius for embellishment—often to excess. This proclivity, which they have already demonstrated in commerce, manners and entertainment, was extended last week to the recent Western fad of skyjacking. The seat-belt sign had just flashed off aboard Japanese Airlines' Flight 351 from Tokyo to Fukuoka when nine young men strategically stationed throughout the crowded aircraft suddenly sprang to their feet. At first some passengers thought that it was only some kind of show or trick. Then the youths pulled out daggers and short, curved samurai swords. Some of them shouted, "We are the Red Army"—an extremist splinter group of the leftist *Zengakuren* student movement.

Ruses Aloft. While most of the youths stood guard over the 122 other passengers, the leader, 27-year-old Takamaro Tamiya, pushed aside the stewardesses, who were handing out hot towels, and made his way into the unlocked cockpit of the tri-jet Boeing 727. At sword's point, he ordered Captain Shinji Ishida to set a course for the North Korean capital of Pyongyang, 625 miles away. Using the public address mike, the skyjackers warned that they carried bombs and would blow up the plane if their orders were not obeyed. In their belts and sticking out of their pockets were objects that the passengers took to be the bombs. The skyjackers explained that they wanted to go to North Korea to learn guerrilla warfare. Ishida convinced his captors that the aircraft lacked enough fuel for the long flight. They then agreed to allow the plane to



YAMAMURA BOARDING PLANE
Welcome to Pyongyang.

land at its original destination of Fukuoka, 550 miles west of Tokyo, to take on more fuel.

By the time the plane had landed, all Japan knew about the skyjacking. The Japanese government was loath to allow the plane to fly to Pyongyang, since Japan has no relations with North Korea and thus might never get its plane back. But the skyjackers were adamant. They held swords to the throats of the crew members while the jet took on 30,000 lbs. of jet fuel. The skyjackers made only one concession: they released 22 women, children and an old man. Then the plane lifted off toward the Asian mainland.

During the five-hour stop at Fukuoka, the tower operators managed to slip Ishida a secret message. When the skyjackers were not listening, he was to tune his radio to a special frequency for instructions. A special message instructed the pilot to fly to Seoul, South Korea, rather than to Pyongyang.

At Seoul's Kimpo airport, South Korean, U.S. and United Nations flags were hurriedly hauled down and giveaway signs were removed or covered up. A detachment of South Korean soldiers was quickly outfitted with the quilted uniforms and rifles of North Korea's army. As the plane landed, the tower boomed: "This is Pyongyang! We welcome you wholeheartedly."

For a moment the students were taken in; they slapped one another happily and apologized to the other passengers for inconveniences. Then they had second thoughts and asked for proof. They wanted to see pictures of North Korean Premier Kim Il Sung and a Pyongyang newspaper, both items that are forbidden in sternly anti-Communist South Korea. After a short delay, the

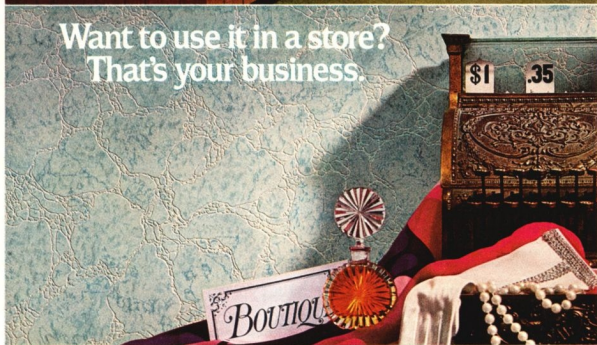


WOMEN & CHILDREN LEAVING
"Banzais" in Fukuoka.



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skyjackers saw through the ruse. "During that moment," said one stewardess later, "they were very excited and looked very fearful."

Doubtful Welcome. Thus began an incredible standoff that continued for nearly three more days. The students refused to surrender the plane or release the passengers. South Korean authorities called in machine gunners and military jets to prevent the plane from leaving. For the passengers, crowded six abreast in the plane, the impasse was hell. The men's hands were tied behind them with twine; the air became sour; toilets reached the overflow point. The skyjacks kept the doors shut and window shades drawn.

Top Japanese officials flew to Seoul, where they bargained for hours by radio with the young radicals. Finally, Japan's Transportation Vice Minister Shinjiro Yamamura offered to accompany them to Pyongyang as hostage if they would let the passengers go. Eighty hours after the plane had been skyjacked, yellow steps finally were rolled up to it and 50 passengers debarked, many of them pausing on the way out to shake hands ceremoniously with their captors. Then Yamamura boarded the plane, after which the remaining 49 passengers were released. The free passengers were quickly flown to Fukuoka, where they were greeted with joyous cries of "Banzai!" by friends and relatives. Flight 351 flew on to Pyongyang. Next day the North Koreans freed the plane, its crew and hostage Yamamura. They flew home, abandoning the samurai skyjacks to a doubtful welcome: Pyongyang Radio was already referring to them as "Trotskyite criminals."

MIDDLE EAST

Growing Soviet Commitment

Russian engineers are especially busy in Egypt these days. They are rushing to complete new missile sites, several of which are expected to become operational next month. One is located in Alexandria's east harbor, where it will guard Egypt's main port, now crammed full of Soviet freighters that are off-loading equipment for President Nasser's armed forces. Another is situated between the Pyramids and Cairo West Military Airbase, and will force Israelis to think twice before raiding again in the vicinity of the capital. The third site is being built 560 miles up the Nile near the Aswan High Dam. Because Aswan's airport was suddenly closed last week to civilian traffic, there was reason to believe that the Russians have actually begun installing the first of the new SA-3 ground-to-air missiles, designed to shoot down low-flying aircraft.

The SA-3s, which are similar to the U.S. Hawk missile, have never before been stationed outside the Warsaw Pact nations, nor have they ever been fired in combat. The missile and its radar are so complex that the Russians have decided not to rely on Egyptians to



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS TRAINING WITH SOVIET-MADE T-55 TANK
Increasing number of "what if" questions.

man the sites. Instead, they are sending their own crews. They are also sending guard detachments, perhaps as a precaution against the Israelis' picking up a few SA-3s by helicopter for study.

Training Programs. Along with the new missiles, 1,500 to 2,000 Soviet experts and troops have arrived in Egypt in the past six months, bringing the number of Soviet personnel there to between 4,500 and 6,000. The increase in the Soviet commitment raises a number of crucial "what if" questions for Israeli planners.

Nine Soviet advisers have been killed by Israeli bombs and bullets since the Six-Day War, but neither the Soviets nor Israelis publicize the fact. An escalation in fighting, however, could lead to a direct confrontation, which the Israelis are obviously loath to provoke. So far, the new missiles are placed only in defensive positions around civilian and industrial targets.

The Russians are also continuing their training programs for Nasser's army and air force. More than 100 Soviet pilots now serve as instructors. Despite some reports to the contrary, there is no evidence that these pilots are flying combat missions. Russian advisers have also established a number of military training schools, where they teach everything from logistics and supply to operational planning. They follow the Egyptian soldiers from school through war games, and finally into the field. They instruct commando forces and give amphibious training to the units along the Suez Canal. By far the largest number of Russians are stationed with the armored units, in keeping with the Soviet military doctrine that masses of tanks should spearhead any offensive or defensive activity. The fear of killing too many Russians is the main reason the Israelis have failed to bomb the long lines of Soviet-made Egyptian

tanks that are parked under open skies between the Suez Canal and Cairo.

Have the Soviet efforts made better fighters out of the Arabs? The Israeli answer is a resounding no, overall. As if to buttress their contention, the Israelis last week launched the largest attacks since the Six-Day War on the Syrian front. Annoyed by mounting numbers of small Syrian probes, Israeli jets and artillery pounded Syrian positions for seven hours, knocking out at least 15 anti-aircraft and artillery batteries.

Despite Israeli denials, there was some evidence that the Syrians may have improved a little. Though they lost three jets in a whirling five-minute dogfight, they managed at least to knock down an Israeli Phantom, the first confirmed loss of one of the U.S.-built fighter-bombers since they went into action. In a triumphant mood, the Syrians promoted the MIG pilot who had downed the Phantom plane. A Syrian farmer who captured the two crewmen after they bailed out was presented with \$125 in cash and a new pistol by Syria's strongman, General Hafez Assad.

WEST GERMANY

Changing Climate

For years, the West German weather map has said a lot about the country's political climate. Though German lands east of the Oder and Neisse rivers were put under Polish control at the close of World War II, West Germany's two television networks never renounced the German claim to the former provinces of Silesia, most of Pomerania and East Prussia. Each night 26 million West German television viewers saw a map that boldly portrayed German borders as they were in 1937, including the huge slices of land that now belong to Poland.

The Polish government regularly attacked the map as a provocation, but a

Munich newspaper more accurately described it as "half masochism and half revanchism." But as West German Chancellor Willy Brandt embarked upon his *Ostpolitik*, which aims at better relations with Bonn's eastern neighbors, the map became an embarrassment.

Last week West Germany's TV networks quietly adopted an *Ostpolitik* of their own. As the newscast for the first time switched from black and white to color, the networks introduced a new weather map that reflected the changing political climate. Instead of a dark gray Germany reaching from the Rhine to include a part of today's Poland, and even into the U.S.S.R., the new map revealed a brown-and-green Europe that contained the names of major cities but no political boundaries at all. The Poles were relieved. "West German television," reported the Polish News Agency, "has given up its territorial claims." As an indication of West Germany's own changing attitudes, the networks had received only three letters of complaint at last report.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Closer to Chaos

Conflicts will continue even if Jesus Christ descends to this seat. I, señores, am an instrument of destiny.

As 25 gold-encrusted armed forces officers stood behind him in the National Palace last month, President Joaquín Balaguer thus announced his determination to ignore growing opposition and run for a second four-year term. Part of the President's prophecy has already proved accurate. As a result of Balaguer's stand, conflicts in the troubled country of 4,174,000 are heating to the boil. In response to his decision, an alliance of seven opposition parties last week threatened to boycott the May 16 election if Balaguer did not resign before beginning his campaign. The President refused, bringing the island republic closer to chaos than it has been at any time since the 1965 civil war.

The re-election crisis reflects the deeply ingrained Dominican worry about

continismo—the Latin American habit of hanging on to power. Just a year ago, Balaguer was publicly pooh-poohing questions about a second term, saying that "only a plebiscite of gigantic proportions" could make him run again. But more and more it appears that the bachelor President is harking back to the example of his old boss, Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, who carefully orchestrated elections during his 31-year rule. Under Trujillo, Balaguer served briefly as a puppet President.

Having taken care to renounce Trujillo before returning to the country in 1965, after 23,000 U.S. troops had brought an end to the bloody civil war, Balaguer won the 1966 election with an impressive 57% of the vote on a "peace and order" platform. Going into the 1970 election, he has the backing of most of the military and nearly all of the country's businessmen. In his 34 years in office, he has curbed inflation, balanced the budget and attracted a modest but vital flow of foreign capital. He has even profited from the weather. Record crops ensure that the *campesinos*, who constitute 70% of the population, are pro-Balaguer.

Polarized Foes. The one thing Balaguer has not been able to do is leave the presidency. Early in his term, he changed the constitution to permit reelection. As it became clear that he planned to take advantage of the change, his opposition polarized. The wondrously wide-gauged group that served the ultimatum includes Vice President Francisco Lora, who quit Balaguer's Reformist Party over the re-election issue; ex-General Elias Wessin y Wessin, the rightist soldier who tried unsuccessfully to crush the 1965 revolution, and the P.R.D. (Dominican Revolutionary Party), which started it. The leftist, urban-oriented P.R.D., Balaguer's chief opposition, has been making headway with charges that Balaguer's police and troops—who he admits are difficult to control—have been reviving old-style political killings and repression. Last week police machine-gunned striking dock workers in Puerto Plata, killing four and wounding 18.

In their ultimatum, the seven opposition parties demanded that Balaguer campaign on an equal footing with other candidates, without presidential prerogatives. Unless he did, they threatened, they would refuse to participate in an election that would only be "a sneer to the people," Balaguer replied with lofty disdain. "To quit as *presidente*," he said, "would be handing them a *coup d'état*." He challenged his opponents to unite behind one candidate, who could give him a real race for the presidency. If they stay away, said Balaguer, "I will go to the election alone." With the army on his side, Balaguer would hardly be alone, but that is no assurance against trouble in a country that has had 26 changes of government, twelve coups and two U.S. armed interventions since the turn of the century.

Clobbered Again



BABY SEAL BEFORE & AFTER



THE photogenic appeal of baby seals plagues both those who kill them and those who sanction the slaughter. Last year in the wake of a worldwide outcry over the inhumane clubbing of the cuddly, snow-white pups that takes place every March off Canada's east coast, the Canadian government thought it had finally found a solution that would muffle the international protests. Henceforth, the Ministry of Fisheries ruled, seal hunters on the ice floes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence would kill and skin only "beaters"—month-old pups whose fur had turned a less-appealing brown and whose eyes no longer reflected the same degree of trust and innocence. And because the beaters could swim, went the reasoning, the St. Lawrence hunters would have to use guns, not clubs, to take their limit of 50,000 pups. "Those who protested the killings," said a bored Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, "won't be shown the

same pictures of baby seals with their big blue or brown eyes."

As the 1970 hunt came to an end last week, however, the pictures showed the same old gory sights of white-coated pups being battered to death on blood-spattered ice. Why were the seals—and Canada—getting clobbered again? As it turned out, Ottawa had simply delayed the hunt, hoping that the week-old white pups would have matured to ordinary, uninteresting brown mammals by the time it began. Unexpectedly, however, mother seals whelped several weeks late this year, and many of their pups were at their familiar photogenic peak when the hunt began. The result was another fiasco for Canada's animal-rights activists, whose sense of publicity is every bit as keen as their sense of humanity. Perhaps Ottawa should find a surer way of neutralizing what Trudeau has called the "emotional distaste" of the hunt—like ending it altogether.



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AMERICANS ABROAD

The Jail Scene

*Coming into Los Angeles
Bringing in a couple keys
Don't touch my bag, if you please,
Mr. Customs man.*

—an Arlo Guthrie song, 1970

Guthrie's lyrics celebrate a popular underground myth: that the U.S. is a tough drug scene compared with countries abroad, where the laws are loose and the hash is cheap. Though it is true that a "key" (kilo) of hashish may cost as little as \$10 or \$20 in Lebanon or Morocco, the price for many young American smugglers turns out to be almost unbearably high. All along the "trade routes" by which narcotics make their way back to Europe and the U.S., young Americans are filling up a veritable Baedeker of prisons.

The State Department reported last week that, as of February, there were no fewer than 404 Americans being held in foreign jails on various drug charges, compared with only 142 a year ago. And the count is rising. Paris-based John T. Cusack, the chief U.S. narcotics agent for Europe and the Middle East, estimates that foreign police and customs agents are booking young American smugglers at the rate of 40 per month. In Morocco, five Americans have been arrested on drug charges in the past five weeks. Last week in Lebanon, Morocco's main rival as a Mecca for drug-seeking tourists, police arrested eight youthful Americans who were trying to sneak some 70 kilos of hash out of the country. The catch brought Lebanon's current population of Americans imprisoned on drug charges to 15, pushing the country ahead of Italy (12) and Greece (13), and closer to the league leaders, which are Spain (about 50 jailed Americans) and West Germany (30).

Drug Scare. The prison population explosion is worrying the State Department, which calls it "a very important question." In many areas, it is rapidly becoming the prime concern of American diplomats. In Rabat, U.S. Consul Joseph Cheevers is besieged by requests for such items as antiscorbutic vitamin C, soap and blankets from American inmates of Morocco's dank jails (40 to a room). At the same time, he is handling twice as many requests for information from worried parents in the U.S. as he was a year ago.

The surge in overseas drug arrests of American travelers is largely the result of a crackdown by foreign governments. They are disturbed at the emergence of narcotics problems in their own countries. Furthermore, some widely publicized drug-connected horrors, particu-

larly the Sharon Tate murders, have helped to erode whatever benign neglect traveling American hippies once enjoyed abroad. A few of the jailed Americans are professional smugglers, supplying the Mob in the U.S. "But most of them," says Cusack, "are not pros in the true sense. They have no records. They are users, and many of them are 'missionaries.' They want to turn others on—and if there's a profit in it, so much the better."

Busted Playmate. There are profits aplenty. A \$10 or \$20 "key" of Lebanese hash can fetch \$1,500 or more in the U.S., and the figures tempt a wide variety of improbable smugglers. Book-of-

methods that would make a professional pusher blush—putting the stuff in the nail or hiding it under the back seat of a car." In Algiers, Spanish customs officers last year arrested 64 Americans as they stepped off the ferry from Morocco. If Moroccan dope peddlers have not already fingered the Americans in advance, Spanish agents have little trouble picking out probable smugglers. The giveaways: hippy dress ("a long or loose anything"), and talkative over-friendliness.

At Beirut International Airport, customs men have trained dogs to sniff out drugs hidden in luggage. In Tashkent, a woman Soviet agent with a superb olfactory sense sniffed hash carried by three young Americans, who were flying via Aeroflot from Afghanistan to Finland. Two are still serving time in the infamous Potma labor camp southeast of Moscow.

Series of Horrors. Often the youthful smugglers are suckers from the start. In Lebanon, tourist guides around Baalbek's famous Roman ruins sidle up to adventurous-looking American kids and sell them not only cheap hash but identical cheap cardboard tourist suitcases to carry it in. Airport customs officials are so familiar with the suitcases that they almost yawn as they arrest the tourists who show up with them.

Arrest is only the first of a series of horrors. Beyond helping young smugglers to get a reputable lawyer, U.S. consuls can only ensure that Americans get the same treatment as the local nationals do—which is often a far cry from U.S. standards. Bail is unknown in many countries, and there are long waits in crowded prisons before cases come to trial. Beirut's notorious Sands prison, where seven Americans are currently awaiting trial,

is filled with rats, homosexuals and filth. American parents of jailed students are invariably flabbergasted at how little they can do to ease their cases. Ronald Lee Emmons, 22, a black Chicagoan and a former basketball player at the University of Illinois, was picked up in Istanbul for possession of two kilos of hash. Despite the efforts of his mother, he waited 13 months in Istanbul's Sagmalcilar prison before his case came to trial last February. He was sentenced to five years in jail, where all he can look forward to are the letters, books, money and extra food that U.S. Consul Douglas Heck brings on his twice-monthly visits. As a U.S. consular official in Lebanon confesses: "The truth is we simply can't do any more." The only American ever to be sprung from a Lebanese prison by executive clemency was a Los Angeles youth who was found to have terminal cancer. He was allowed to go home to die.



U.S. STUDENT (RIGHT) IN GREEK CELL
Suckers from the start.

the-Month Club Author W.S. Kuniczak (*The Thousand Hour Day*) was arrested last December for smuggling 160 lbs. of hash into Greece; he is presently serving a 4½-year sentence on the island of Corfu. *Playboy's* December Playmate Gloria Root, 21, currently graces Athens' stark Averoff prison, where she is serving a ten-month sentence for crossing into Greece from Turkey with 38 lbs. of hash. Nearly all of the amateur smugglers are under 30, but surprisingly few are drifters or dropouts. One of three young Americans who have been cooling their heels in Beirut's Asfourieh Prison Hospital since they were arrested on smuggling charges last August is Harvard Sophomore Steven Miller, 21, a grandson of a former dean of the Harvard Divinity School.

Although they are generally long on education (and long on hair), the young tourists are strictly bush-league smugglers. Says Agent Cusack: "They use



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PEOPLE

Most readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* could take a lesson in thrift from the magazine's part-time correspondent **Lynda Johnson Robb**. Seven months pregnant, L.B.J.'s older daughter rode a Trailways bus from Washington to New York to turn in an article on young marrieds. Aghast, the editors rented a limousine to drive her back to D.C. But when Lynda learned that the car would cost the magazine \$150, she politely declined and returned home on the bus.

English Novelist **Lawrence Durrell**, traveling in the U.S. to promote his latest opus, *Nunquam*, announced a discovery. "What I thought was a slight earthquake going through the whole place that made me thirsty all the time," Durrell reported, "is actually your gin. It's 90 proof. Ours in London is 60."

A leading customer suggested that those high-fashion models at the House of **Christian Dior** are considerably less comely than they used to be. Quite so, replied Dior's chief designer, **Marc Bohan**—and by design. Dior once spent a fortune collecting Europe's choicest lovelies, only to lose them to rich husbands. Today's Dior girl, explained Bohan, is "elegant, but not so marriageable."

A costume race on skis is a yearly feature at the Storlien mountain resort near Stockholm, and an enthusiastic contestant for the fourth straight year was **Crown Prince Carl Gustaf**, 23. Dressed as a field surgeon in gown and

rubber gloves, Sweden's future king made a sprint for the finish line and wound up on his back with two broken skis. Two days later the costumed "surgeon" needed the ministrations of a genuine medical man. After clipping a slalom gate, he wound up the season with a broken left arm.

The visitor was not impressed by America: "The desperate contests between the North and the South; the iron curb and brazen muzzle fastened upon every man who speaks his mind . . . The stabbings and shootings, the coarse and brutal threatenings exchanged between Senators under the very Senate's roof, the intrusion of the most pitiful, mean, malicious, creeping, crawling, sneaking party spirit into all

GETTMAN ARCHIVE



DICKENS

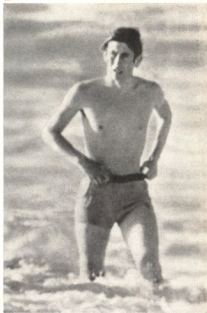
Dismayed by the dream.

transactions of life . . . I believe the heaviest blow ever dealt at Liberty's head will be dealt by this nation in the ultimate failure of its example to the earth." The date: 1842. The commentator: Novelist **Charles Dickens**, in a newly discovered letter to a friend back home.

Not too inaccurately, one overenthusiastic official called Chicago's Mayor **Richard J. Daley** "the greatest Democratic phenomenon in the country." He was topped by a colleague, who went through Daley's name, supplying a laudatory adjective for each letter —D for diligent, A for adorable, L for loyal, E for energetic, Y for youthful. It wasn't a testimonial dinner—just a routine meeting of the Cook County Democratic Committee.

"It certainly does not seem typical of Her Highness," said a royal spokesman stiffly. But an Australian reporter

AP



PRINCE CHARLES
Verbally versatile.

who was standing much nearer to **Princess Anne** as she struggled with her billowing four-foot-long scarf on a windy day in Sydney, insisted he heard her say: "Hell, I can't see in the bloody wind." **Prince Charles** also showed the Down Under some of the same style verbal versatility. Approached on a beach near Sydney by a Greek-speaking Aussie who asked him if he spoke the language, Charles replied with a blunt but colorful Greek phrase that means—approximately—"push off."

Three small businessmen with big names, appearing before a U.S. Senate small business subcommittee, all urged tighter controls on celebrity-linked franchise operations. The most glamorous stockholder in **Edie Adams' Cut & Curl Beauty Salons** was flanked by the founder of the Here's Johnny's (**Carson**) restaurant chain and the board chairman of **Mickey Mantle's Country Cookin'.**

Moische, a white poodle, almost got a fatal shock when he bit through a lamp cord. His mistress, Actress **Sue Lyon**, best remembered as the blonde nymphet in *Lolita*, used mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and saved the pup's life.

Baseball's most publicized scandal in 50 years ended with a tap on the wrist and a mild half-season suspension for the Detroit Tigers' **Denny McLain**, the high-living pitcher whose foray into organized gambling nearly cost the sport one of its brightest performers. Baseball Commissioner **Bowie Kuhn** dismissed the athlete as "gullible and avaricious." "I'll have to get me a dictionary," said McLain. Informed that the adjectives mean "stupid and greedy," Denny said, "Yes, I am stupid and greedy."



PRINCE CARL GUSTAF
Surgically suited.

This is the new wide Firestone "500"

When you discuss tires with Mario Andretti his voice takes on a very serious tone; after years of top competition racing in every kind of car you can imagine he's developed a feel about tires that comes close to being an obsession.

Firestone asked Mario Andretti to test drive a family car with the new, wide Firestone "500." On the test track is where the engineering and design and materials in a tire come to life.

Full 4-ply nylon strength.

The new wide "500" is basically a bigger, stronger version with high style double white stripes. Mario liked the fact that it's designed on the basic principles of a racing tire: a full four-ply nylon construction for tremendous strength and the ability to run "cool" for longer tire life. (Heat, as you know, is one of the great enemies of tire mileage.)

The nylon cord in the new "500" is woven in the tire at a 60 degree angle—this higher angle helps reduce road stress and squirm. Even the average driver should notice the surer handling and precise cornering. Andretti, of course, noticed it immediately—with great satisfaction. This type of tire construction plus the wider 7-rib tread greatly reduces road sway.



This new wide Firestone "500" will stop 30% quicker than our former "500" on wet pavement.

Ideal for wagons, too.

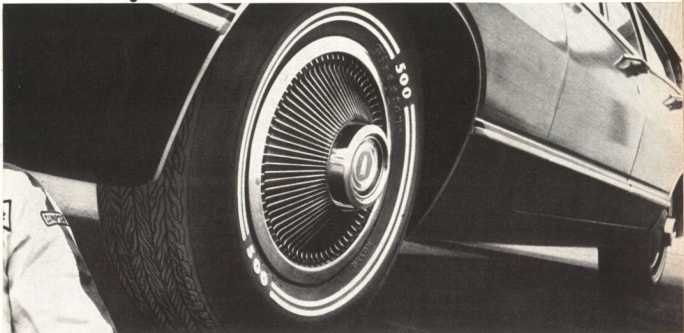
A station wagon owner, or a man who uses a trailer behind his car for a boat or mobile home, would instantly appreciate the added stability. The "500" will help reduce road fatigue as well as make him a more "confident" driver.

7 ribs wide.

You might not notice (but Andretti did) that the new "500" has a very "flat" tread. The new geometry is another factor for surer handling and a better ride, since this design puts more tread on the road than ordinary tires. You'll notice the difference on wet, rainy roads—the more drainage, the more "sure-footedness."

Remember that the new "500" is 7 ribs wide—not just 5. Mario feels that this tire will stop a good 30 percent quicker on wet pavement than even our old "500." And that means 30 percent quicker for Mario's wife, too. (Our tests proved Mario was right.)

Read why Mario Andretti took two sets home.

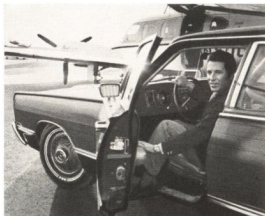


Raised double white stripes.

As long as we were so greatly improving the "500" our designers felt it should look as good as it performs: notice the sleek raised white double stripes and the distinctive white "500." (People will notice them and ask you how you like them.)

Firestone believes that this new "500" is one of the finest passenger tires ever made—and will, like our former "500," earn a reputation for itself as one of the most reliable high performance tires in the world.

A new cool running, low stretch nylon makes the "500" incredibly tough for longer mileage on any surface.



Take a good look at the new, good looking, wide "500" at your local Firestone dealer or store. (You'll be surprised at the price.)

Firestone

The mileage specialist.



Mario Andretti says, "Here are four good reasons everybody can understand why I took two sets of the new "500" for my family cars."

THE PRESS

Showdown on Subpoenas

The government's recent penchant for probing into newsmen's confidential information last week produced a court showdown in San Francisco. Reporter Earl Caldwell and his employer, the *New York Times*, had challenged two subpoenas ordering him to testify before a federal grand jury investigating Black Panthers. The result was a clear victory for Caldwell and other newsmen determined to maintain the trust of their sources.

In a pioneering decision, U.S. District Judge Alfonso J. Zirpoli held that the First Amendment rights of free speech, press and association can supersede the powers of a grand jury to compel testimony. Though Caldwell must appear before the grand jury, ruled Zirpoli, the reporter "need not reveal confidential associations that impinge upon the effective exercise of his First Amendment right to gather news for dissemination to the public." Such disclosures may be required, the judge added, but only if the government first satisfies the court that there is "a compelling and overriding national interest which cannot alternatively be served." Judge Zirpoli acknowledged that the issues before him have not yet been fully explored and decided by the U.S. Supreme Court. But for now, at least, the Caldwell case provides some relief for newsmen served with subpoenas.

Up the Wall with Erma

"My husband," Erma Bombeck cheerily told a visitor last week, "works as a supervisor of social studies for secondary schools, and if you have a space between your teeth that's hard to say." Syndicated Columnist Erma has a big space between her own front teeth. She also has, by her description, "fat calves, unmanicured hands, makeupteeth eyes" and is "overweight, overworked, overchildred and underpatiented." But one thing is clearly going for her: irresistible humor about the trials of being a housewife.

The humor shows in her antic put-ons and putdowns, mostly of herself. It shows in her laughter, a corroboree of chuckles, whinnies and convulsions. And it shows in her writing. Simple in style, mundane in subject matter, her thrice-weekly column for 200 newspapers (including the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Boston Globe*) has a title that precisely conveys her puckish point of view. She calls it "At Wit's End." What most tickles Erma, a former women's news reporter for the *Dayton Journal Herald*, is her unfashionable fascination with being a housewife. Her beat, she once wrote, is the utility room.

If Onassis knocks. It sounds dreary, but Erma can stir smiles with columns on how to handle a dirty oven ("If it won't catch fire today, clean it tomorrow"),

hand-me-down clothes, daytime naps, gardening, sibling rivalry ("Who gets the fruit cocktail with the lone cherry on top?"), chewing gum, home barbering and the 10s of March. "If a woman is ever to have an affair" a recent column began, "it will be in March. Psychologically, it is a perfect month. The bowling tournaments are over. The white sales on bedding are past. Your chest cold has stabilized and the Avon lady is beginning to look like Tom Jones."

Few of Erma's columns deal with such dreams of an everyday housewife, or even with easy big issues like abortion and the Pill. She mainly focuses on routine reality. Sample, on the perils of being without an ordinary pencil: "If Onassis knocked on the door and



BOMBECK ON BEAT

Antic put-ons and the 10s of March.

wanted to buy our house for a high-way phone booth, I would have to sign the agreement with (a) an eyebrow pencil, (b) yellow crayon, (c) cotton swab saturated in shoe polish, (d) an eyedropper filled with cake coloring, or (e) a sharp fingernail dipped in my own blood."

Erma has been called a champion of the Great Silent Majority. That upsets her. For one thing, she is a staunch Democrat. Worse, "it sounds like I'm totally uninvolved—like being a ski instructor in Berlin during World War II." She has been criticized for not championing the feminist revolution. That suits her fine. Most of the revolutionaries, she says, "are just like roller-derby dropouts, or Russian pole-vaulting types." The uncharacteristic club is quickly replaced by a tickling feather. She adds: "When I make speeches I'm always asked, 'Have you burned your bra yet?' I tell them I took a halfway measure: I scorched mine on the ironing board."

Erma rarely lectures and seldom ap-

pears on television. She spends most of her time on a 30-acre farm in Bellbrook, Ohio, a small town 10 miles south of Dayton. Besides her newspaper column (which was launched by the *Dayton Journal Herald* in 1965, is now syndicated by Publishers-Hall and last year earned her close to \$50,000), she writes a monthly column for *Good Housekeeping* entitled "Up the Wall" and is working on her second book.

Lies a Lot. Recently turned 43 ("I don't mind telling, because I look older and then people are pleasantly surprised"), Erma has three children—Betsy, 16, Andy, 14, and Matt, 11. The farm has three smelly dogs; three horses, one of which is pigeon-toed and wears orthopedic shoes; and 28 "oversexed" ducks, one of which Erma calls Myra Breckinridge. "We also used to have white mice," she says. "Now we've got brown ones, everywhere."

Erma does her writing in a tiny room, her electric typewriter near a mink-lined bucket stuffed with fan (and not-so-fan) letters. Some ask for recipes; though cooking is not her forte, she answers every request. "I lie a lot," she admits. "I grab a magazine, find a recipe and say, 'This is an old family favorite.'" When it comes to criticism, she thinks that her husband Bill is overly frank. But, in fact, she is her own toughest judge, seldom satisfied with what she writes and rewrites. "But on the days that you click," she says, "it's great. It sure beats giving Tupperware parties."

Censorship and Fear

It was over in a matter of minutes. The police van braked to a stop, 40 civil guards in tan shirts and steel helmets jumped out and, while most of Lima slept through a foggy March dawn, Peru's leftist military junta took over two opposition newspapers, the morning *Expresso* and evening *Extra*. The remaining opposition Lima daily—*La Tribuna*—was then reduced to a mimeograph edition when the regime embargoed its presses.

Military repression is no novelty in South America. But in Peru, where press freedoms have gone relatively unchallenged for nearly 50 years, the latest muzzle came as a surprise. Following the same course that Dictator Juan Perón took in seizing Argentina's *La Prensa* in 1951, the junta declared that the two expropriated newspapers would be turned over to a staffers' union and cooperative. As *La Prensa* learned nearly two decades earlier, the move was not so liberal as it might have seemed. Not only must the union rely on junta funding, but the reporters and editors also face "expropriation" if they get out of line. Last week a *La Tribuna* editor and an editor of *Norte* were sentenced to six months in prison for violating Peru's euphemistically named "Press Freedom Law."

Shock Waves. Censorship in all its forms is spreading in South America. In Bolivia last month, the leftist



When you think of United, you probably remember the stewardess with the nonstop smile.

The courteous skycap.
Or the chef you met on one of our Chef's Gourmet flights.

But at United, there's a cast of thousands behind the scenes, too.

In our shiny flight kitchens, for example. People working quietly to make sure the food upstairs is the finest in the sky.

People who know everything from how to turn a radish into a thing of beauty, to the very proper care and handling of a Chateaubriand.

Even though they're not all in the limelight, everyone who wears the name United puts a little more into his job—to make your flight a friendly one.

That's why they're with us.

United. We've always got something good cooking.

*fly the
friendly skies
of*
United.

"The chef's a real trouper."

**You've met our stars...
now meet
the rest of the cast.**



Seagram's **V.O.** Canadian.
Known by the company it keeps.



If you're modest
about your success,
let the Smooth Canadian
speak for you.

Seagram's V.O. not only says you can afford the smoothest, lightest Canadian whisky of all; it says you have the taste to recognize the smoothest, lightest Canadian whisky of all. And lots of taste is just as impressive as lots of money. Don't you think?

military regime decreed that "press workers" would henceforth "enjoy the Sunday rest." In fact, the Sunday work suspension snuffed out the Monday morning editions of all four major papers that are hostile to the government. In addition, the government's insistence that newspapers provide space on the editorial page for reporters to "freely express their ideas under their signatures" was actually an attempt to curb antigovernment editorials.

Bolivian journalists have more to fear than tricky decrees. Alfredo Alexander, publisher of La Paz's morning *Hoy* and evening *Ultima Hora*, was with his wife at his elegant estate when a man with a visor cap and large dark glasses delivered a shoe-box-size package. It contained a bomb, and minutes later the explosion killed the couple, sending shock waves through city rooms across the continent.

Simpler Still. New York Governor Rockefeller's visit to South America last June—and the disorders that accompanied it—gave some governments the excuse they were looking for to crack down on the press. Shortly before the Governor's arrival, Brazil issued "recommendations" to the press that banned all stories on any visit-connected disorders in any Latin American country.

In January, Brazilian right-wing leaders decreed a new censorship law aimed mainly at pornography and obscenity, under which 5,000 copies of the February *Playboy* were impounded for three weeks before being released for sale in opaque plastic wrappers. Political censorship is somewhat more subtle. By telephone or personal visits, Brazilian army officers tell publishers and broadcast executives which subjects are taboo. The latest taboo is any mention of the torture methods that are blatantly used by police and military against political prisoners. In Paraguay, Panama, Haiti and Cuba, the rules are simpler still. No opposition newspaper is allowed, and all papers are subject to seizure.

Greatest Weakness. Though a mild muzzling of the press had characterized the army officers who seized power in Argentina in 1966, the reins were tightened last June when the regime declared a "state of siege." Two magazines that had previously been protected by the Supreme Court were forced to shut down, causing Argentina's *La Prensa* to editorialize: "There is no freedom of the press in the country today."

Tom Harris, president of the Committee on Freedom of the Press of the Inter-American Press Assn., said in Puerto Rico last week that "true freedom of the press exists only in Colombia, Chile, Ecuador, Venezuela and Guyana." Where it does not exist, the pattern of repression is remarkably consistent. The harsher the government, the more vulnerable it becomes to its greatest weakness: lack of popular support. When the people are restive, the thing that dictatorships fear most is a vigorous press that may stir them up.

Most automatic automatic.



If there's one thing you want when you travel — around the block or around the world — it's a camera that's fast and easy.

This is it. The Kodak Instamatic 814 camera. The most automatic automatic. Just drop in the film cartridge. The "814" accepts any 126-size film, for snapshots or slides; adjusts itself to the speed of the film; computes the exposure; tells you when to use flash; adjusts automatically for flash exposure as you focus. It's so automatic, it even advances both film and flashcube for the next picture after you've clicked the shutter!



You could hardly make a mistake even if you tried.

Complete and self-contained, this traveler's aid comes with a precision rangefinder and a superb 4-element *f/2.8* Ektar lens. Travel right. It's less than \$145 at your photo dealer's.

Kodak Instamatic® 814 camera.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak

Read yourself Volkswagen



**The only thing standing between you and a Renault 16
is a little information.**



out of a Chevy, or Volvo.

Even the most humble of Volvos costs over \$3,000. And for roughly \$2,500, you can buy a Chevelle 300, or a Volkswagen squareback. Or a Renault 16, which costs only \$2,395.* From this moment, all other comparisons with the Renault 16 must end.

It has been written that the ride you experience in the Renault 16 "can be compared only with that of the Mercedes, Rolls, or Citroën."

Colin Chapman chose the engine of the Renault 16 for his Lotus Europa.

And the quietness of the Renault 16 comes only in cars costing thousands more.†

We will not compare our car to those in its price range. The experts don't.

Someone is sleeping in Detroit.

Road Test is an impartial magazine. At the time of this writing, it did not even take advertising. After exhaustive tests on the Renault 16, Road Test wound up suggesting that "all the automotive designers in Detroit be ordered to spend two weeks behind the wheel of this car in the hopes that their dormant imaginations might be sparked to life." Thank you, Road Test.

A textbook for Britain.

Stirling Moss has written: "There is no doubt that the Renault 16 is the most intelligently engineered automobile I have ever encountered and I think that each British motor-car manufacturer would do well to purchase one just to see how it is put together."

The Renault 16 happily consents to offering a course in Renault 16.

The day Rolls Royce placed second.

Auto-Visie is a highly respected Dutch automotive magazine. When the Renault 16 was introduced, Auto-Visie asked 32 automotive writers from 10 countries to vote on the "Automobile of the Year." The votes could not be controlled. They were submitted anonymously.

The Renault 16 placed first. We congratulate Rolls Royce, the runner-up.

Where we made our points.

Needless to say, our car has impressed a lot of people. We'd like to tell you why.

Before our car was a car, it was a project. It was designed and built from scratch. Like the factory that makes it. So we didn't build a new car around old parts.

For better traction and superior road handling, the Renault 16 has front wheel drive with engine weight over the drive wheels.

Its engine gets a miserly 30 miles to the gallon. But it does an honorable 93 mph, top speed.

Its unique 4-wheel independent suspension system has already put the 16's ride in a league with the Rolls Royce's.

The seats in the 16 were designed by a doctor and will challenge the comfort of any easy chair. They too have been compared with the Rolls'.

Even more points.

Disc brakes resist fade. Our front wheel disc brakes will stop you in a straight line instead of the next lane.

The Renault 16 has a special radiator fan that kicks in on ther-

mostat command—an idea we confess to borrowing. From Ferrari.

Seven different seating arrangements give the Renault 16 perhaps the most versatile interior you can drive. It can be a plush sedan, a roomy wagon, or anything in between.

It's got a sealed cooling system that doesn't overheat and virtually eliminates adding antifreeze.

And finally, the sound of a Renault 16 running is very close to silence.

Extracurricular reading.

If you have not yet read yourself into buying a Renault 16, you can have Road Test's full report on it by sending in the coupon below.

But if you've read this far, we suspect you already know more than Chevy, Volkswagen and Volvo would like you to.



Renault, Inc., Box 970, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050

Gentlemen: Please send me my free copy of Road Test magazine. (OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 1, 1990)

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RENAULT 16

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*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, P.O.E. TAXES, FREIGHT, OPTIONS (SUCH AS AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION, ELECTRIC SUN ROOF, WHITENALLS, RADIO, ETC.) AND DEALER DELIVERY CHARGES ADDITIONAL. †ROAD TEST MAGAZINE.

ENVIRONMENT

Cloudy Sunshine State

Florida has become a prime example of how Americans love-hate nature. A magnet for new people and industry, the beautiful, booming Sunshine State is also a monument to careless planning. Conservationists have just halted work on a Miami-area jetport that threatened to ruin Everglades National Park. But they are losing to despoiling highways, sprawling developments and coastal landfills that destroy estuaries, the breeding grounds of key marine creatures. The whole state seems to be flirting with ecological disaster.

Around Lakeland, phosphate miners are tearing huge holes in the earth that endanger the local water table. At the edge of Big Cypress Swamp, drainage ditches for new housing may interrupt the already imperiled water flow into the Everglades. To the north, Walt Disney Productions is building a City of Tomorrow for 50,000 people that may cut off some of Orlando's water supply, since the site is atop porous soil that lets rainwater into Florida's vital aquifer. That underground layer of limestone stores much of the state's annual 57 inches of rainfall. Any significant damage to the aquifer could let salt water seep in from the sea and contaminate Florida's lush farm land.

For years, towns along Florida's Gold Coast between Miami and Palm Beach

have blithely dumped raw sewage about a mile offshore, assuming that the Gulf Stream would carry it away. Now the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey reports that the cleansing current is farther away than had been thought. As a result, the sewage may actually be trapped right off the hotel-lined beaches. Says Dr. Leonard A. Erdman, president of the Broward County Medical Association: "There is a very real cause to fear the possibility of hepatitis from this situation."

All these problems are currently overshadowed by two pressing issues. One is the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, which is inching across the northern part of the state. Long a dream of the Army Corps of Engineers, the 107-mile waterway will link Jacksonville on the Atlantic with Yankeetown on the Gulf of Mexico. The \$177 million project is being heralded by the Army as a major economic asset for the state.

Florida's conservationists disagree. In carving out the canal's first 27 miles, the builders created two dams and a reservoir that have already flooded 13,000 acres of forests in the Oklawaha River basin. Unfortunately, the basin forms a unique "hydric hammock" that abounds with rare alligators, panthers and wild turkeys. The hammock harbors this life because the river bed is periodically exposed to air, thus providing alternating wet and dry seasons that are essential to the survival of the wild, beautiful river-swamp system. With permanent flooding, ecologists warn, the system's rare creatures will soon vanish.

Critics also fear that the canal may pollute groundwater, including the famed Silver Springs, only four miles away from the waterway. Others predict that the Corps of Engineers will eventually try to add other northward canal routes, cutting across the unspoiled Suwannee River.

Rare Combination. The Corps proudly notes that it is building new recreation sites for fishing, swimming, boating and camping in the Oklawaha River area. But scientists say that the new dam reservoir is likely to become clogged with flourishing water flowers and weeds. Even more to the point, critics argue that the locks are too narrow to handle a profitable traffic load. Says Ecologist Barry Commoner: "The Florida people are challenging the Corps' whole cost-benefit analysis. It's a precedent-setting attack." Last month President Nixon and Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel promised to review the entire scheme.

The other major issue is a new threat to Biscayne Bay. Stretching 30 miles south of Miami, the bay is still an aquatic wilderness that swarms with at least 27 varieties of major fish. It is also the home of many beautiful birds, including the pelican, egret, white ibis and cormorant. Except in the vicinity of Miami, the bay



CROSS-FLORIDA CANAL
Putting economics before ecology.

is virtually free of man-made pollution. In 1968, Congress was so impressed with the bay's "rare combination of terrestrial, marine and amphibious life" that it voted \$24.6 million to create the Biscayne National Monument, most of which consists of the water itself.

Lifeless Zone. The bay's water has also attracted the Florida Power & Light Co., the state's largest power utility. To provide more electricity for more homes, including President Nixon's new retreat on Key Biscayne, the utility has built two big power generators on a promontory called Turkey Point. The oil-fired turbines require cooling water from the bay—as much as 820 million gal. per day. When the water is spilled back, it is at least 10° F. hotter than the bay's.

In less than two years, this thermal pollution has created what a recent scientific meeting in Miami called "a barren lifeless zone" around the principal discharge canal. Gone are the tiny mollusks, rock lobsters and small forage fish that once thrived in the area. Last June, after the plant operated at full capacity to meet a particularly heavy drain of power, thousands of fish were found floating belly up in the bay, apparently killed by the hot discharges.

Florida Power & Light is now building two nuclear generators at Turkey Point. Drawing three times as much water, the combined facility will at times heat the discharged water to a peak of 95° or more. According to some biologists, most marine organisms will die at 92°. In response, the Interior Department is seeking a federal court injunction that would force the utility to reduce the heat of the discharged



water to within 4° of the bay's temperature in spring, fall and winter, and only 1.5° in summer.

The federal challenge is more significant than the fate of Biscayne Bay. Brought under an 1899 federal statute that bars contamination of navigable waters, the suit represents the first application of that law to thermal pollution. The proceedings are being watched by not only conservationists across the country but also by the many power companies that are either planning or building nuclear plants, all of which require great quantities of water to cool their reactors. One indication of the stakes: the Florida Public Service Commission, the state's own regulatory agency, has joined Florida Power & Light in fighting the Government's intervention. On the nuclear front, as well as on other environmental issues, it looks as though Florida has put economics ahead of ecology—and that Washington may have to protect the Sunshine State from its own abuse of nature.

Hickel v. Oil Polluters

Recent investigations by the U.S. Geological Survey of our oil and gas leases in the Gulf of Mexico have produced evidence of many serious violations of Interior Department regulations. I believe these violations were knowingly and willfully committed. I believe criminal proceedings against Chevron are warranted and recommend that they be instituted. I believe that the strongest possible action should be taken against the violators.

Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel was justly outraged. The recent Gulf of Mexico oil fiasco, during which a cluster of twelve offshore wells owned by Chevron Oil Co. blazed for a month, has caused even greater repercussions than last year's Santa Barbara debacle. Beyond oil, Louisiana's largest industries are shrimp and oysters, and the rich Gulf of Mexico beds may have been irreparably damaged by the spill. Scientific tests conducted at Woods Hole, Mass., last week produced the first solid evidence that oil pollution can disrupt the life cycles of marine creatures.

Perplexing Negligence. Hickel got the kind of action he demanded. Despite strenuous opposition by Louisiana politicians and the oil industry's powerful lobby in Washington, a federal grand jury convened in New Orleans last week to investigate Chevron's offshore operations as well as those of several other prominent oil companies. Among other things, Interior officials charged that Chevron had failed to maintain "storm chokes" (required by the 1953 Outer Continental Shelf Lands Acts) on 137 of 178 wells in the Gulf area. Chevron was also cited by the Government for 210 violations of offshore drilling requirements. The maximum penalty for each violation: \$2,000 a day and up to six months' imprisonment.

Hickel, who has indefinitely suspended

all offshore lease sales, is particularly incensed because, he claims, Chevron "willfully and knowingly" violated the various requirements. Chevron's alleged negligence is as perplexing as it is illegal: the storm chokes, which could have shut off the runaway oil, cost only \$800 per well.

Besides the increasingly hard line from Hickel's office, Congress last week approved, by a House vote of 358 to 0 (with 72 abstentions), a tough bill that would impose strong penalties on those responsible for oil pollution of U.S. territorial waters. The bill, which President Nixon quickly signed into law, represents an unprecedented rupture in the congressional tradition of pandering to the oil industry. It calls for unlimited liability in cases of willful negligence, plus liability of \$100 per gross ton of oil, up to \$14 million, for accidental spills. The latter

City v. Forest

Most Americans still think of urban blight in terms of immediate effects: filth, smoke and noise that all can see, smell and hear. But dirty cities affect far more than the people in them; they also poison the distant countryside—as Los Angeles is now doing to the San Bernardino National Forest, which is fully 80 miles away.

Swept east by wind, the city's smog is killing the forest's majestic ponderosa pines at the rate of 3% a year. Incense cedar and white fir have also suffered. In all, the smog has caused moderate to severe damage in 60% of the forest's 160,000 acres of pines. Last week loggers began cutting down dead trees in the hardest hit 1,000 acres.

U.S. Forest Service officials first began to notice a peculiar yellowing

FRED SALMAN



LOGGING TRUCKS WITH PONDEROSA TREE TRUNKS
Dying at the rate of 3% a year.

provision is particularly noteworthy since willful neglect has proved exceedingly difficult to establish in court. The bill also places strict liability on oil shippers, whom Hickel terms "the greatest polluters of our waters."

Meanwhile, the Louisiana debacle has apparently taught Hickel that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of indemnity. Hickel issued a stern warning to Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik, a German company that plans to build a petrochemical complex on an unpolluted salt-water estuary near the lush island resort of Hilton Head, S.C. In a letter to Hans Lautenschlager, president of B.A.S.F.'s American affiliate, Hickel made it clear that he would not tolerate any pollution. "This department," he wrote, "will strenuously oppose any action which would result in the degradation of the water quality in that area." According to one Hickel aide: "The Secretary doesn't even want treated water flowing into that river."

of needles on the San Bernardino trees in the 1950s. Not until the early 1960s was the cause of the disease traced to smog. "Photosynthesis is inhibited almost immediately," says Paul Miller, a plant pathologist with the Forest Service at Riverside. In controlled experiments, smog concentrations of as little as .15 ppm, caused a 20% inhibition of photosynthesis within 60 days. The reality is grimmer. On hot summer days, the smog level in the San Bernardino forest can reach .5 ppm. The average is .20 to .25—enough to reduce photosynthesis by 66%. In turn, this impedes the flow of protective pitch within the tree, allowing pests to attack its trunk with near impunity.

Present plans call for selling diseased ponderosas to lumber companies and replacing them with nearly 70,000 giant Sequoia and sugar pine trees, which are thought to be more resistant to smog. Meantime, the smog rolls on, doubtless affecting the forest in other ways that are not yet known.

THE LAW

Toward a Burger Court

Whatever the Senate's vote this week on the controversial nomination of G. Harrold Carswell, President Nixon is determined to appoint men to the Supreme Court who are "strict constructionists." Since he will probably have the chance to choose several more Justices, what might that ill-defined term come to mean in the 1970s?

Seven months of activity by Nixon's first strict constructionist appointee, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, are beginning to provide some answers. Burger would prefer to have the court take a less active role than it did during the Warren years, assume a low profile, and keep hands off more decisions of other branches of Government.

Ironically, Burger's respect for precedent has at least once confounded the

part of Nixon's desegregation message three weeks ago. Burger urged the court to take future school cases that could "resolve some of the basic practical problems" of its past rulings, "including whether, as a constitutional matter, any particular racial balance must be achieved in the schools; to what extent school districts and zones may or must be altered; to what extent transportation may or must be provided."

WELFARE. A five-man majority recently ruled that welfare recipients are constitutionally entitled to hearings before their stipends are cut off. Burger's dissent typified his view that the court should not intervene when other parts of Government have recently acted. Arguing that regulations going into effect this summer will give welfare clients the same rights as the court ruling, Burger rapped the majority's action as

of free speech protect a wide range of material, from Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* to potboilers like *Lust Pool* and *Shame Agent*. Here, too, Burger would back off. In a dissent from a ruling that the film *I, a Woman* is not obscene, Burger argued that the court "should not inflexibly deny to each of the states the power to adopt and enforce its own standards."

CRIME. An outspoken critic of some Warren court decisions upholding defendants' rights, Burger unsuccessfully urged his colleagues to review a case that could have restricted the 1966 *Miranda* decision requiring policemen to warn detained suspects of their rights to silence and counsel. And last week Burger sharply dissented from a key decision extending the rights of young people in juvenile courts.

Originally conceived as a means of rehabilitating young offenders and of protecting them from the stigma of a criminal record, juvenile tribunals frequently have done neither. Judges have sent delinquent youths to understaffed reform schools for terms far longer than the jail sentences that adults would have received for similar offenses. In most states, young people can be deemed delinquent if a "preponderance of the evidence" indicates their guilt—the same standard used in civil suits. Applying a three-year-old precedent that entitles juveniles to "the essentials of due process and fair treatment," a 5-to-3 majority of the court ruled that juveniles must be proved guilty "beyond a reasonable doubt," which is the more rigorous standard used when adults are prosecuted. Burger's dissent, joined by Justice Stewart (Justice Hugo Black dissented on other grounds), argued that no constitutional mandate forced the court to upset state procedures. Burger expressed fear that the decision would "spell the end of a generously conceived program of compassionate treatment."

Free to Disagree. Off the bench, former Appeals Court Judge Burger has been more active than former Governor Warren ever was. In frequent speeches, he has put the prestige of his office behind the growing movement to reform the nation's crime-breeding prisons. In an attempt to streamline clogged and creaking courts, he is helping to set up a new institute in Washington for training court administrators in modern management techniques.

Burger's views could be critical in several significant cases involving capital punishment, free speech and dissent which have been put off until the arrival of the new ninth Justice because the court might be divided 4 to 4 or 5 to 4. So far, though, Burger's opinions have not added up to a clear-cut augury of the future. University of Wisconsin Law Professor William Foster points out that Burger can "sit around and make broadside pronouncements when he is clearly on the losing side but it may be tougher when he is working for that fifth vote."



WARREN, NIXON & BURGER AT SWEARING IN
Lowering the profile.

Nixon Administration. Last fall he joined a unanimous bench in applying previous holdings of the Warren court and in ordering Mississippi schools to desegregate "at once." Indeed, Burger has not seemed anxious to lead a major retrenchment from most of the Warren court's stands. Even so, his dissents have suggested that an eventual "Burger court" might take new positions on a wide range of topics. Among them:

RACE. Burger has lately voiced some doubts about the court's summary handling of recent school integration cases. In January, he and Justice Potter Stewart added to one decision a "memorandum" suggesting that the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals might well have been allowed to interpret the meaning of "at once" in the light of "the various situations of [the] several school districts." A Burger concurring opinion to another decision became an important

"another manifestation of the now-familiar constitutionalizing syndrome: once some presumed flaw is observed, the court then eagerly accepts the invitation to find a constitutionally 'rooted' remedy. We ought to allow evolutionary processes at various administrative levels to experiment."

LABOR. As Burger sees it, the Warren court went too far in putting most picketing and other union activity beyond the reach of state courts. In 1959 the court made it clear that the National Labor Relations Board was the proper body to deal with such matters. When the court recently used that doctrine to reverse a Florida state court's ban on picketing for higher wages, Burger joined Justices Stewart and Byron White in a separate concurring opinion urging reconsideration of the Warren court's rule.

OBSCENITY. In recent years the court has held that First Amendment guarantees

To date, Burger seems even more devoted to "judicial restraint" than its most renowned recent spokesmen, Justice John M. Harlan and the late Justice Felix Frankfurter. A court that consistently overrides popular wishes, Burger implies, invites the majority to take the law into its own hands. Yet the Warren court often acted because no other unit of Government was willing to take on festering grievances, and that situation may not have changed substantially. Although Burger urges leaving juvenile justice to the states, for example, the states have increasingly failed to meet the challenge. The result of Burger's approach could be a recipe not for restraint but for inaction.

Order in the Courtroom

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to be confronted with the witnesses against him.
—Sixth Amendment

But what if the accused turns his own trial into a soapbox, a shouting match or a near riot? If the judge ejects him, can he still be tried and convicted *in absentia*? With a stern yes, the Supreme Court last week upheld the power of trial judges to control unruly defendants by citing them for contempt, removing them from the courtroom or shackling and gagging them. The decision was an obvious response to the growing phenomenon of obstreperous defendants who mock all accepted rules for trial decorum. Wrote Justice Hugo Black: "Our courts, palleddiums of liberty as they are, cannot be treated disrespectfully with impunity."

Constitutional Waiver. Although the decision dealt with conduct at a Chicago trial 13 years ago, the court clearly was also mindful of recent disruptions in another Chicago courtroom—Judge Julius Hoffman's. The decision appeared to vindicate some of Hoffman's responses to the angry Chicago Eight, including the binding and gagging of Black Panther Bobby Seale.

Two other beleaguered trial judges also had reason to be pleased with the decision. New York Supreme Court Justice John M. Murtagh in February had abruptly recessed a pretrial hearing for 13 boisterous Panthers accused of plotting to bomb public places in New York City. This week, armed with solid support for strict discipline plus notification from the defendants that they were ready to stand trial, Murtagh will resume their case. Just one day after the Supreme Court ruling, Philadelphia's Court of Common Pleas Judge Leo Weinrott was confronted with Defendant George Kenney, who kept yelling at potential jurors and told the judge to "go to hell" during the early stages of his trial for killing a liquor-store clerk during a holdup. After giving several warnings, Weinrott successfully silenced Kenney by ordering his mouth bandaged.

The Supreme Court's decision was instigated by William Allen, an obscure Chicagoan who was charged in 1956

with taking \$200 from a bartender at gunpoint. At his trial, Allen told the judge, "You're going to be a corpse," and flung his court-appointed lawyer's files to the floor. After unheeded warnings, the judge expelled Allen from the courtroom. Allen was convicted of armed robbery, but later petitioned the federal district court from jail for relief on the grounds that he had been denied his right to confront his accusers. In last week's decision on Allen, the Supreme Court promulgated a new rule: a defendant who makes the progress of his trial impossible has effectively waived his constitutional right to confrontation, and can reclaim it only when he is willing to behave in the courtroom.

Unresolved Problems. Several important questions remain. What are the standards to measure "unruly conduct"? Allen had a history of mental incompetence and insisted that there would be no trial. His conduct bore little relation to that of the politically savvy defendants in



GEORGE KENNEY
Strengthening the judge.

the Chicago conspiracy trial. And what if the judge himself provokes the defendants into disruptive behavior? While Allen's trial judge was a model of patience and decorum, Judge Hoffman has been accused of goading the defendants and of denying Bobby Seale his constitutional right to representation by his lawyer. In an concurring opinion last week, Justice William O. Douglas suggested that the Supreme Court should have skipped the relatively unimportant Allen appeal and waited for a more pertinent "political" case to resolve the problems.

Whatever the answers, the court has firmly stated that a trial judge must be in command of the courtroom. "It would degrade our country and our judicial system," wrote Justice Black, "to permit our courts to be bullied, insulted and humiliated and their orderly process thwarted and obstructed by defendants brought before them."

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SCIENCE

The Dawning of Aquarius

AFTER five months of relative somnolence, Cape Kennedy was once more a scene of feverish activity. All attention last week was focused on launch pad 39A, where the Apollo 13 spacecraft rested atop a huge Saturn 5 rocket, ready to carry U.S. astronauts to their third landing on the moon. As the long countdown began, there was noticeably less excitement than had accompanied previous moon missions; the complex Apollo launchings have already become almost routine.

But there is nothing routine about the mission planned for Astronauts James Lovell, Fred Haise and Ken Mattingly. It may well prove to be the most challenging test yet of man's skills in space and on the forbidding surface of the moon. The Apollo 13 crew will attempt the first landing in the rugged lunar highlands and spend more time (33½ hours) and walk farther on the moon's surface (more than two miles) than previous astronauts. In the opinion of many scientists, their more sophisticated experiments will mark the real beginning of intensive scientific exploration of the moon.

Extra Precautions. For Apollo's launch, scheduled on Saturday, April 11 at 2:13 p.m., E.S.T., NASA has introduced a number of innovations. To prevent a repetition of the spectacular lightning flashes that marred Apollo 12's rain-drenched takeoff, momentarily knocking out the craft's electrical power, the space agency has set strict new weather limitations; should atmospheric conditions pose any threat of electrical disturbances, the flight will be postponed. As an added precaution, one of Apollo's three fuel cells has been placed in a separate circuit, lessening the possibility of complete loss of electrical power in the event of an accident. At launch time, the world may get its best live look yet at the flaming ascent of a Saturn rocket; NASA has mounted a

new, heat-resistant color TV camera directly on the umbilical tower.

The target for Apollo's lunar module, which the astronauts have named *Aquarius*, is an area near the Crater Fra Mauro (named for a 15th century Italian monk-cartographer). Located 110 miles from Apollo's Ocean of Storms landing site, the target area is covered with jagged hills and ridges, some of them hundreds of feet high. There are relatively few level sites in the vicinity, and the landing will require all of Command Pilot Lovell's skill. But the Apollo 13 astronauts—whose motto is *Ex Luna, Scientia* (From the Moon, Knowledge)—are taking the risk because of the area's immense geological importance. Unlike the flatter, smoother lunar maria, the highlands have apparently been little changed since the moon was formed some 4.5 billion years ago; thus their structure and composition will give scientists new insights into early lunar evolution.

Lunar Past. Fra Mauro is a particularly interesting highland area. Blanketed with rock and soil, it is covered with debris that was probably ejected by the massive impact that created Mare Imbrium, or Sea of Rains, some 300 miles to the north. Indeed, some of this primordial matter, thrown up from depths of 100 miles or more, may have been involved in the original formation of the moon. Fra Mauro is probably also covered by other layers of debris that were spewed out by the meteorite impacts that created the craters Eratosthenes and Copernicus. In addition, volcanic material and the churning of the lunar surface by billions of years of micrometeorite impacts have added their distinctive characteristics to the surrounding surface. By landing at Fra Mauro, the astronauts may be able to find many differing geological clues to the lunar past, all within a single compact area.

Getting to that area will be far more hazardous than earlier moon landings, but the mission planners have adopted a shrewd fuel-conserving stratagem that should reduce some of the danger. On previous missions, the lunar lander separated from the mother ship while the two were circling the moon at an altitude of 69 miles. But Apollo 13's command vehicle, *Odyssey*, will be sent into a more elliptical lunar orbit that will drop it to a height of only nine miles before *Aquarius* is released. As a result, the lunar lander will use less fuel in its final descent and have enough left to hover a crucial 15 seconds longer before touching down. That extra time may well be necessary to find a level landing site on the rugged landscape.

Before the actual touchdown Wednesday night, Lovell and Lunar Module Pilot Haise will swoop in from the east, easily clearing an 800-ft.-high ridge at the approach to their landing area. Ahead will be a curious horseshoe-shaped feature called Weir Crater. Lovell, who has logged more time in space than any other man (572 hr. 10 min.), will probably attempt to set down between two groups of craters named Doublet and Triplet. If he overshoots his prime target, he may try for one of two nearby alternative landing sites picked by NASA planners (see chart).

Wetting the Whistle. Three hours after touchdown, Lovell will descend the LM's ladder and become the fifth man to walk the dusty surface of the moon. He will be joined by Haise 20 minutes later, and the two will proceed with the now familiar lunar routine—unfolding the umbrella-shaped S-band antenna, setting up the American flag, preparing the package of nuclear-powered experiments for deployment.

But there will be some changes in the routine. To prevent the kind of blackout caused when Apollo 12 Astronaut Alan Bean inadvertently pointed his TV camera at the sun, the astronauts have been instructed to keep their color camera aimed at least 45° away from the solar disk. The Apollo 13 camera also is equipped with a lens cap and has a backup: a spare black-and-white model



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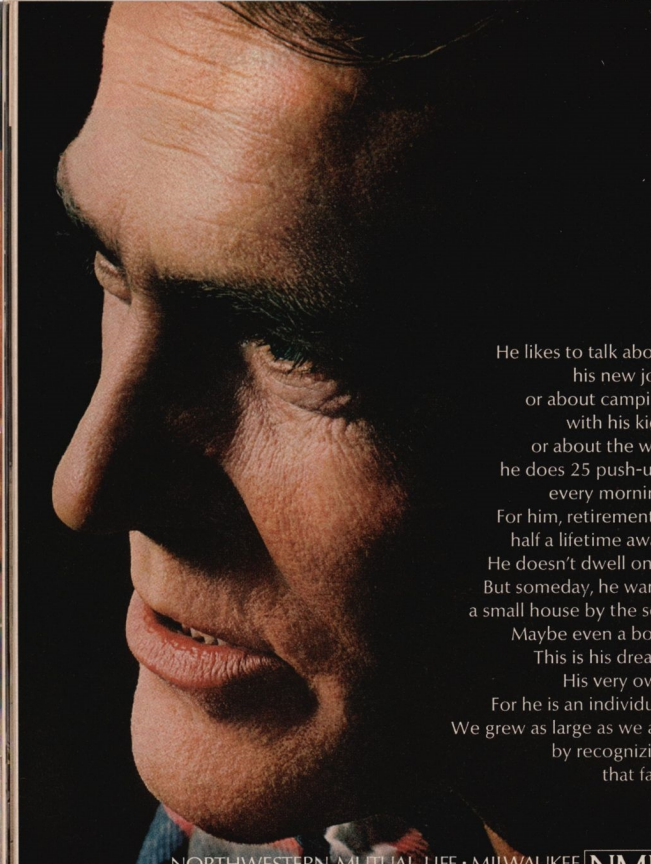
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inside the cabin. Other improvements in their paraphernalia: antiglare visors, 8-oz. water pouches inside their suits ("Nice for wetting the whistle," Haise explains), backpacks to haul lunar samples (instead of the fancy Teflon bags that hooked to their sides) and even a nylon whisk broom to brush off the clinging lunar dust.

During their two lunar walks, the astronauts may stay out as long as five hours and venture nearly a mile from *Aquarius*. Besides the usual rock collecting and photographic chores (movies and stills), they will take several cores of moon material with a battery-powered drill that can penetrate as far as 10 ft. below the surface. But the most adventurous part of these excursions should be the climb to the 250-ft.-to-400-ft.-high lip of Cone Crater, where the astronauts hope to chip away at the car-sized boulders that may be part of the rock flung there from the Sea of Rains.

On Friday morning, the moon walkers will rejoin their fellow astronaut Mattingly, still orbiting in *Odyssey*, send *Aquarius* crashing into the moon about 42 miles from its original landing site, and head for home. Ten days after the launch from Cape Kennedy, the astronauts are scheduled to splash down in the Pacific about 200 miles south of Christmas Island, bringing back samples that should add immeasurably to man's knowledge of his nearest celestial neighbor.

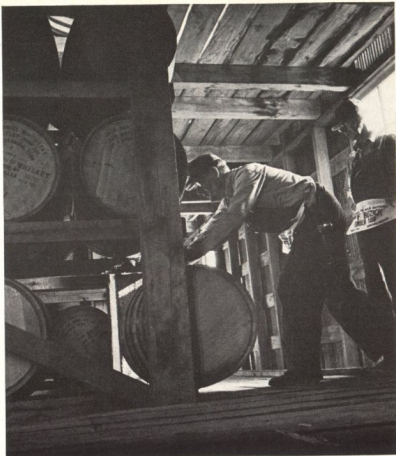
An Explorer Dies

*Each, in his separate way,
Drinks to a bygone day.
The Explorer, in truth,
Was part of our youth,
And not only orbits decay.*

In the years since that limerick was written by one of the Caltech scientists who built Explorer I, the men involved in the project matured and moved on to more ambitious space programs. But Explorer I, the first U.S. satellite, remained steadfastly in orbit, a seemingly immortal reminder of one of the most important discoveries of the Space Age.

Launched on Jan. 31, 1958, more than three months after the Soviet Union's 184-lb. Sputnik I, the 30.8-lb. Explorer had at first seemed a puny competitor for the huge Soviet satellites. But, equipped with a Geiger counter and two radio transmitters, it sent back evidence that had escaped the Russians—the data that enabled State University of Iowa Physicist James Van Allen to discover the radiation belts that bear his name.

Ultimately the laws of nature caught up with the little satellite. Gradually slowed down by the braking effect of the upper atmosphere, Explorer I drifted steadily and almost imperceptibly downward. Last week, after more than half a million revolutions around the earth, it perished over the Pacific in the fiery heat of re-entry—a victim of orbital decay.



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RELIGION

Crisis of Conscience

Can the government of a Christian country survive the defiant opposition of its churches? Rhodesia is about to find out. The churches have never condoned Prime Minister Ian Smith's white supremacist policies. Now, on the eve of a critical general election on April 10, the Roman Catholic Church has directly challenged them.

In a pastoral letter entitled *A Crisis of Conscience*, Salisbury's Archbishop Francis Markall announced that the Catholic Church would refuse to obey Rhodesia's race laws because they are "contrary to the Christian faith." The letter, read at church services throughout the land, quotes the Apostles: "We must obey God rather than men."

The main issue is a controversial land tenure act, part of Rhodesia's newly adopted constitution, that assigns separate living areas for Africans and whites. Under the act, churches must register as "voluntary associations" in each area and obtain government permits for their activities. The Roman Catholic Church refuses to register because to do so would limit its freedom to deal with all people, irrespective of race.

Real Terrorists. People may be forbidden to worship in churches of their faith or educate their children outside their own prescribed racial areas, the pastoral letter warns. It adds: "We may be forced to refuse hospital beds to anyone not of the race approved in that



ARCHBISHOP MARKALL
To obey God rather than men.

area. Priests and nuns may have to be segregated in their communities according to their racial origins. The whole future of the church in Rhodesia is thus at stake." The stakes are high. The Catholic Church, with 450,000 members, is the second largest denomination in Rhodesia. It runs 34 hospitals and 1,000 elementary schools.

Catholic rumblings against the Smith regime have been heard for at least two years, but only recently has discontent broken through. Last month Bishop Donal Lamont of Umtali, head of the Catholic bishops' conference, openly

branded those responsible for the race laws "the real terrorists of Rhodesia." When a priest was expelled from the country for his anti-regime views, the outspoken prelate recalled the fate of priests in Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany. He was chiefly responsible for the pastoral letter, signed by all four Roman Catholic bishops in Rhodesia.

The controversy has become an issue in the elections, with unforeseeable consequences. Smith is doing his best to prevent, or at least postpone a showdown between church and state. He has promised to face the problem raised by the Catholic hierarchy "in the cool, calm atmosphere of the post-election period"—when he hopes to have a new five-year mandate to do as he pleases.

From Rome, Pope Paul VI lent powerful support to his bishops. During his pre-Easter audience, the Pope singled out such "ignoble leftovers from the past" as racist intransigence and discrimination. Most other churches are expected to follow the lead of the Catholics. The Anglican bishop of Salisbury has praised the Catholics' courage, and the African head of the Methodist church, Andrew Ndhele, came out in unqualified support. He is chairman of the Christian Council of Rhodesia, whose 16 denominations plan to meet on April 26 to decide what action to take.

Union Finds a President

Few prudent men would walk lightly into a university presidency today, and the presidency of the nation's most renowned Protestant seminary is no exception. At Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, where campus dissensions are exacerbated by increasingly divergent views on the application of the Christian Gospel, the search for a new president has lasted for more than two years. Last week Union's board finally settled on a personable, activist cleric whose chief credentials are administrative ability and courage: the Rt. Rev. J. (for John) Brooke Mosley, 54, former Episcopal Bishop of Delaware and currently Deputy for Overseas Relations of the Episcopal Church.

Mosley will be a distinct departure for Union. Though the seminary was interdenominational from the start, Mosley is the first president who has not come out of a Calvinist tradition. He is not an academic like current President John C. Bennett, a pioneering scholar in modern Christian social ethics. Nor is he likely to emulate the firm-handed rule of another distinguished theologian, Henry Pitney Van Dusen, whose 18-year tenure (1945-63) brought Union to its peak of prestige.

Mosley comes from a pastoral background that may be particularly relevant to present-day conditions. One of Union's problems is how to react to its inner-city environment on the edge of Harlem. Mosley, as a young priest, successfully built up an inner-city parish in Cincinnati. Another growing problem is fund-raising, a fact of life that

Isaiah and the Computer

AS early as the 12th century, Hebrew scholars began to question whether the entire *Book of Isaiah* was written by the same author. Liberal Scripture scholars have long agreed that there are at least two distinct collections in *Isaiah*, one comprising the first 39 chapters, the other the remaining 27. Now modern technology has ratified that thesis.

Using an Elliott 503 computer, Yehuda Radday, a lecturer in biblical studies and Hebrew in Haifa, produced a 175-page statistical linguistics analysis of *Isaiah*. He applied 18 standard tests to measure such features as word length and vocabulary eccentricity. An additional test, devised by Radday, measured *Isaiah*'s war idioms and metaphors. In the first 39 chapters such terms accounted for 8.65% of all nouns, v. only 5.72% in the next 27 chapters—which supports the theory that the first author or group of authors lived during the violent period of the Assyrians, the second during the peaceful reign of the Persians, 200 to 250

years later. All 19 tests turned up significant differences between the two parts. Radday's conclusion: the probability that one prophet wrote the book is one in 100,000.



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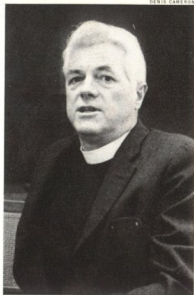
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BISHOP MOSLEY

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Mosley learned well as a bishop. But the gravest problem at Union is direction: younger faculty and bachelor-of-divinity students want less emphasis on studies, more on involvement in society. Post-graduate students, older faculty and directors want to concentrate on preserving Union's academic excellence. Whether that gap can be bridged successfully is doubtful, but Mosley seems more than willing to try. "The groups at Union fight hard for what they want," he says, "and they want contradictory things. But I rather like that sort of process, and I'm not unused to it."

To the Lower Regions

Anathema. Anathema. Anathema. To Vladimir Lenin and to all other persecutors of the Christian church, who have raised their hands against the servants of God, who desecrated holy places and destroyed God's temples and tortured believers.

With these words, chanted by its priests in parish churches throughout the world, the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia* has just imposed the ultimate ecclesiastical penalty on the father of the Russian Revolution. More than 50 years after the bloody revolt that he led, Lenin was thus excommunicated from the faith in which he was baptized, and consigned to the lower regions of hell. The decision was taken by a synod of bishops of the expatriate church, who were incensed by the fact that UNESCO plans to observe the centennial of Lenin's birth and recognize him as "a great humanist."

* Not to be confused with the Russian Exarchate in the U.S., or the Russian Orthodox Metropolis—which last week won autocephalous (self-governing) status in an agreement with the Patriarchate of Moscow and will be called the Orthodox Church in America.

BEHAVIOR

Alfresco History

For five years, a lanky sociologist from Fort Worth named William McLean prowled the boulevards, side streets, courtyards, back alleys and *pissoirs* of Paris, camera at the ready. Whenever he spotted an erotic representation of the human body or its genitalia, scratched by some anonymous artist in the soft limestone and plaster of which so much of Paris is built, he captured it on film. Sorbonne-trained McLean's collection, suitably surrounded by a scholarly text on the subject of erotic folk-art forms and published under the imposing title of *L'Iconographie Populaire de L'Erotisme* (The Erotic Iconography of the People), is the first serious study of the sexual graffiti that for uncounted generations have embroidered France's capital.

McLean's book is an important addition to the literature of graffiti (from the Italian *graffiare*, to scratch), if only because this highly perishable form of folk expression has seldom been taken seriously. It is at least as venerable as the human ambition to defy convention and authority—and both convention and authority, down the ages, have diligently worked overtime trying to scrub the walls clean. They can never, of course, successfully purge the record of these irrelevant footnotes, which proliferate in both written and pictorial forms. When archaeologists unearthed Pompeii beginning in the 18th century, they found scores of graffiti that, after some two millennia, have not lost their topicality: "Here I enjoyed the favors of many girls"; "Here Arphocras pleased himself with Drauca for a denarius"—about a penny.

Such innocuous testimonials to man's urge to leave his mark adorn every accessible edifice, public park and mountainside in the world. In the same spirit in which schoolboys surreptitiously carve their initials on a desk, passers-by like to leave a record of their presence wherever they may go, either writing or carving their names and messages onto the nearest surface. Graffiti are simply man's attempt to proclaim his immortality against irreversible odds: he will die, but his name, crudely hewn in some rock of ages, will nevertheless endure.

Embellished Hearts. Beyond this basic ambition lie other more sophisticated motives. Sociologist McLean has studied one: the inexhaustible human preoccupation with sex, which, when repressed by the contemporary culture, invites the alfresco renditions of sexual equipment that subway travelers, for example, scrutinize or self-consciously ignore while waiting for the next train.

The illustrations in McLean's book enforce the point. They indicate an obsession with certain fundamental themes: the phallus, sometimes decorated with wings (an accessory, incidentally, com-

monly found in ancient Etruscan art); assorted schematic representations of the vulva; and the Valentine heart—a symbol that McLean believes is more erotic than sentimental. Typically, the heart symbol, if it survives long enough on the wall, gets further embellishment; someone adds an arrow, and then later another resourceful artist converts the heart into a rude approximation of the female posterior.

As a sociologist, McLean, 40, is cautious about interpreting the significance of the erotic graffiti he has photographed in Paris. But in his conditional judgment they seem to reflect the stratified ethics of society. In an outlying working-class suburb of Paris, the erotic graffiti tend to be explicit and unabashed. In more affluent and inhibited neighborhoods, he found that erotic graffiti occur in less abundance and tend to be more restrained.

Too Few Recorders. McLean has left to other scholars a study of that other, nonpictorial graffiti form that comments, often pithily, on human affairs. That is a pity, because in its communicative role the editorial graffiti is universal and has much to say to its times. After the Parisian student uprisings of 1968, for instance, the city's walls bloomed with anti-Establishment slogans like RUN FAST, THE OLD WORLD IS BEHIND YOU. Of these transitory social comments there are all too few recorders. In the U.S., one of the more dedicated collectors is Allen Walker Read, 63, a professor of English at Columbia University who has been recording graffiti on an international scale for more than 40 years. Some Manhattan samples from Read's collection, which has never been published in full:

GOD IS NOT DEAD! HE IS ALIVE AND AUTOGRAPHING BIBLES TODAY AT BRENTANO'S (110th Street subway station). And, in somewhat the same vein: GOD IS DEAD—BUT DON'T WORRY, MARY IS PREGNANT AGAIN (96th Street); GOD IS OMNIVEROUS [sic] —CHITLINS, BAGELS, PIZZA, EVEN ENCHILADAS (96th Street).

COITO, ERGO SUM (Greenwich Village).

NORTH DAKOTA IS A HOAX (116th Street).

NIETZSCHE IS PIETZSCHE (116th Street).

Read is saddened by authoritarian resistance to the graffiti. "It catches a human being at a time when he's just casually and not deeply engaged," says Read. "This is very important. People are on guard so much of the time." In this sense Read regards the graffiti as the purest form of human expression. It announces to posterity the existence of an insignificant human whose passage might otherwise go unnoticed, from the legend incised in 1804 on a Tennessee tree trunk—DANIEL BOON KILT A BAR—to the classic and bittersweet



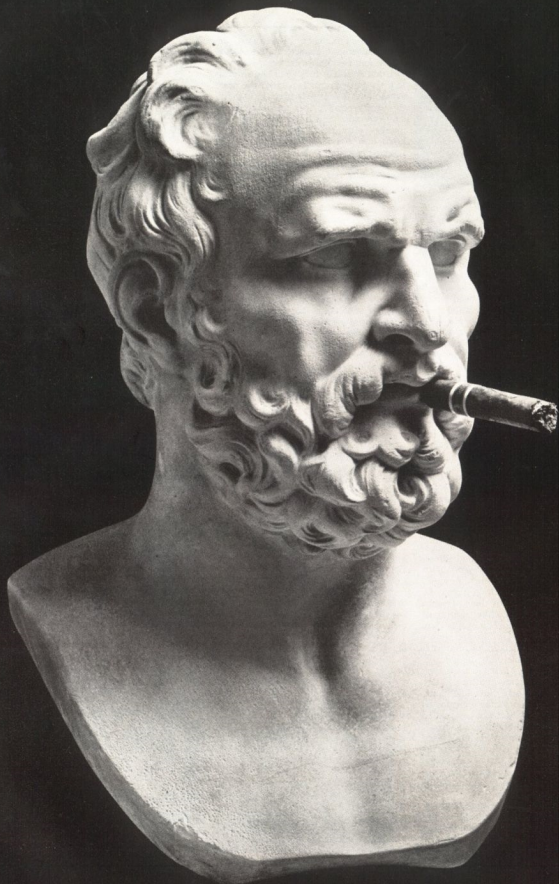
ARROW & HEART IN PARIS



FIGURE ON PARIS WALL



GRAFFITI ON MANHATTAN FENCE
Immortality against irreversible odds.



**You've occupied
the Dean's office.**

**Don't just sit
there.**

The school is yours.

So tell us—what's your plan?
From which philosophical matrix
will you spoon our "rehabilita-
tion" . . . Mao, Marx, Marcuse?

Your sincerity was impeccable.
Purity and zeal strengthened you
to violate the freedom of others
in the name of . . . what? We're
waiting, in the sudden silence.
Frightened by old, old memories.
Of street marches. Of zealots be-
coming despots. Of moratoriums
and crematoriums.

Why did the University prefer
to do things by degrees . . . degree,
by degree, by degree?

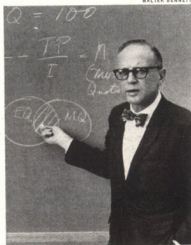
self-advertisement that can be found
all over the world:

ROSE [or whoever] WAS HERE
AND NOW IS GONE
BUT LEFT HER NAME
TO CARRY ON.

Rx for Democracy

Patrick Fiorello Ginsburg is a hypothetical young man of indeterminate age. His E.Q. (Ethnic Quotient), however, can be precisely and succinctly stated as J64:Med23:G13. Translated, that signifies that he is 64% Jewish, 23% Italian (the "Med" standing for Mediterranean ancestry) and 13% Irish (Gaelic). Of what use to Ginsburg is his E.Q., which, if the "New Democracy" prevails, will be attached to him at birth and govern his role in society for the rest of his life?

The answer is in a slender book,
The Sociology of the pmsqy, published



HISTORIAN BOORSTIN

With tongue obviously in cheek.

by Simon & Schuster. Its author is identified only as "Professor X."

Tutorial Mix. X's rescue program involves rejecting all the prevailing values and substituting others of his own creation. The Ethnic Quotient, for instance, would replace the Intelligence Quotient (IQ)—a measurement that Professor X regards as "merely quantitative." Applied to public education, a student's E.Q. would determine his tutorial mix. In the case of young Ginsburg, his teachers would be Jewish, Mediterranean and Irish in just the same proportion as his own ethnicity. So would his curriculum—and, for that matter, his school lunches. For Ginsburg, this varied diet would alleviate the relatively high content of polyunsaturated fats found in blintzes, salami and the other elements of the J cuisine.

Even more effective in promoting the New Democracy would be the Merit Quotient (M.Q.), a concept so imaginative that it can be defined only in X's own words: "The persons who (in their ancestors) most suffered or were most disad-

vantaged in the past, must be specially privileged and advantaged in the present. Contrariwise those who were overprivileged in the past (in the persons of their ancestors) must have their historical balance rectified by being made underprivileged in the present."

An M.Q. of 100 is impossible, since "it would be necessary for all a person's ancestors to have been victims of genocide, and presumably even before any of them had had the pleasure of procreating children." A zero M.Q., according to X's calculation, would indicate that the individual's ancestors had realized a perfect balance of pleasure and pain. X concedes that setting M.Q.s between those extremes will not be easy.

Curricular Daquiri. Elsewhere in the book, X resourcefully solves many of democracy's thorniest problems. For example:

CRIME. After enunciating a principle—"The primary cause of crime, the one and only cause of crime, is law"—X announces the remedy: undermine law by increasing crime.

ACADEMIC PRESTIGE. This is flimsily supported, says X, by such misleading designations as "lower schools," "high schools" and "higher education." X would grant academic degrees at any level, and he would shake the curriculum as vigorously as a daquiri. Hence, at the university level, students might study basket weaving and finger painting; kindergartens and elementary schools would offer courses in demography and experimental biology. No students would be failed, a strategy that "would relieve them of having to resort to the indignity of intimidating the faculty with guns and knives."

VIOLENCE. To eliminate this problem, X borrows inspiration from homeopathy, in which a disease is treated with a remedy that would produce symptoms of the disease in a healthy person. "May it not be," asks X, "that the true remedy for a society ridden by more and more violence may actually be additional doses of violence (administered sporadically and universally) throughout society?"

Outraged. The true identity of Professor X is jealously guarded by the distinguished historian Daniel J. Boorstin (*The Americans: The National Experience*), who contributed an introduction to the book and saw it through to print. The manuscript reached his attention, Boorstin says, after it was mailed to a charitable foundation whose millions he helps disburse. Along with it came Professor X's appeal for a grant of \$3,420 to finance a feasibility study. Other foundation officers were outraged at the modesty of X's request, observing that it would cost more than that—\$4,500—merely to process the application.

Despite their objections, Boorstin found the text "extremely interesting, and even courageous." It is probably a good thing that this judgment was delivered in writing rather than orally, since Boorstin's tongue is so obviously lodged in his cheek.

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ART

New Dimensions

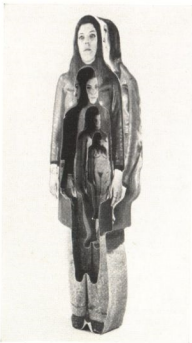
Sculpture has been made from driftwood, crushed car bodies, paper and holes in the ground, so why not from photographs? No reason at all, say a growing number of young American and Canadian artists. During the past few years they have been adding a third dimension to photography by sealing photographs in plastic, molding them into shapes and building them into complex structures that transform the original picture. Most of these sculptor-photographers work on the West Coast, and many have studied at U.C.L.A. with Robert Heineken, at 38 the old master of the genre. This week some 50 of their pieces go on display at New York's Museum of Modern Art in a show called "Photography into Sculpture" that will later move on to half a dozen other museums in the U.S. and Canada.

Vacuum Molds. Among the best is Joe Pirone, 33, of San Francisco, who mounts up to seven negative and positive transparencies one behind the other in a box, then lights them from behind to create eerie deep spaces. Vancouver's 25-year-old Michael DeCourcy prints high-contrast images of waves, pebbles and flying birds on the sides of cardboard boxes, then has them stacked up by workmen in whatever arrangement they choose. Vacuum molding enables Californians Robert Brown and James Pennuto to transform aerial photographs of rugged terrain into three-dimensional contour maps. The simplest work of

all is Jerry McMillan's *Torn Bag*: a paper bag ripped open to reveal a delicate woodland landscape printed on the inside.

Cubed Nude. Figure sculpture comes in a variety of formats. Full-length photographs were mounted on all four sides of a slab-shaped Styrofoam dummy to create Dale Quarterman's portrait of a leather-jacketed girl. From the back and sides, the girl is whole and clothed, but the dummy is cut out in front to reveal her in successively diminishing images, one within the other. In the last and smallest, she is completely nude. New Yorker Lyn Wells has made a life-size portrait of a neighbor by printing back and front views on sensitized linen, sewing the two pieces together along the outlines and filling the space between with rock-hard urethane foam. The most complex and abstract figure is Jack Dales' *Cubed Woman No. 3*, a rigidly geometric construction of glass photographic plates in a Plexiglas cube. From each of the four sides there is a different view of the same seated female nude. But at first glance the woman may not be visible at all: each view is broken up into a prismatic abstraction recalling the early cubist paintings of Picasso and Braque.

"These young photographers are more concerned with the photograph as an object or material thing than as an imitative record of what is seen," says Curator Peter Bunnell, who organized the show. "Their aim is to expand the notion of 'making a photograph' from the illusionistic space of the two-dimensional picture into the real space of three-dimensional objects." In the best pieces, the extra dimension of space also adds a mind-teasing new element of meaning.



QUARTERMAN'S MULTIPLE GIRL

A cutout, a lamination and a bit of a rip.



McMILLAN'S "TORN BAG"

The Midlander

He had neither Gainsborough's grace nor Reynolds' robust authority. Yet as much as any painter of his time, Joseph Wright of Derby captured the peculiar spirit of 18th century England. On the one hand, there was the century's sense of discovery and pride in scientific investigation, which resulted in a wealth of tools and inventions and, in due course, the Industrial Revolution. On the other, there was its almost mystic appreciation of nature. A rare exhibition of Wright's paintings, drawn entirely from the Paul Mellon Collection and currently on display at Washington's National Gallery, shows that Wright was marvelously attuned to both impulses.

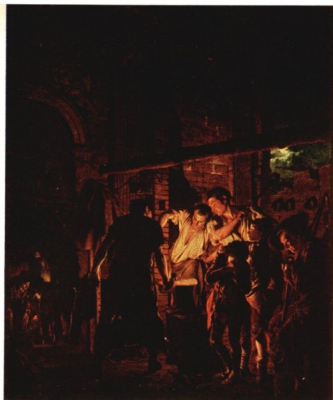
He was a provincial painter with the good sense to remain one. Born in the small Midlands city of Derby in 1734, he remained there most of his life. But Derby, near the manufacturing towns of Birmingham and Sheffield, was an early center of industrialization, with an excitement all its own. Even as a child, Wright was fascinated by things mechanical. He made models of machines, clocks and guns, a tiny spinning wheel and a toy peep show. James Watt, the perfecter of the steam engine, John Wilkinson, the iron manufacturer who developed the cast-iron bridge, Sir Richard Arkwright, the wealthy cotton manufacturer who invented the spinning jenny, and Josiah Wedgwood, whose name is still synonymous with fine pottery, all lived near by.

The hardheaded industrialists of the Midlands provided Wright with a ready-made clientele. For his part, he found fascinating the scenes that more aristocratic painters scorned—a group of experimenters around an early air pump, the drama that the glaring light of a forge gives to blacksmith and bystanders. Light was an apt symbol for an age of enlightenment. Painter James Northcote, a contemporary, called Wright "the most famous painter now living for candlelights"—not to mention firelight and moonlight, which Wright often played off in the same picture, as he did in *The Blacksmith's Shop*.

Shimmering Sun. In 1773, Wright traveled to Italy and discovered the shimmering Italian sun. When he returned to England, the drama of nature replaced that of scientific investigation on his canvas. The 1790 *Italian Landscape* with its verdant hills touched with lavender is one of many done from recollection. If it lacks some of the vigor of Wright's candlelit scenes it is sophisticated enough for its time. The slightly arbitrary colors show a concern with pattern rather than strict representation. Whole hillsides are brushed in as relatively flat areas set against the equally flat cliffs or gorges, both taking their shape from outline rather than detail—a technique that anticipated Cézanne, Matisse, and such modern landscapists as Milton Avery or Fairfield Porter.

Wright of Derby

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP
(1771)



ITALIAN LANDSCAPE (1790)

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. PAUL WELDON



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MUSIC

Which One Is Joe?

The stage blacks out. "Now get ready for Joe Cocker!" a voice cries at New York's Fillmore East. In the darkness out in the hall, whispering slowly rises toward muted hysteria. Some 2,600 strong, the audience is primed for the evening's headliner, English Blues Singer Joe Cocker. The shouts begin: "Joe!" "Joe!" "Joe!" The lights come up.

Problem: which one is Joe? Out there on the stage is the largest—and most piebald—rock band in captivity. At stage left stands the chorus, 13 girls and boys dressed in everything from shawls to what look like tablecloths. At stage right sit the piano and organ. At stage rear, two drummers and three percussionists flex for action. The guitarists get ready. So do a trumpeter and saxophonist. A little black and white dog curls up happily near the footlights. Two little children romp around, just as happily. Is that Joe in the stovepipe hat, with the hair down the back and the beard down the front? No, that's Joe's second banana, Pianist-Arranger-Composer Leon Russell. Joe's the one in the jeans, knit shirt and track shoes who is now shaking his way spastically into the first number, *Honky Tonk Woman*.

Vibrating Vertebrae. How you sing the blues depends on who you are. For Joe Turner (who originated *Shake, Rattle and Roll*), the blues was a bossy, defiant shout. For Bessie Smith, it was a womanly wail that somehow remained proud of its woe. When Joe Cocker sings the blues, with a rasping wail unlike that of any other singer, his performance suggests one of the most helpless of God's children making a pitiful appeal for grace. To see Joe for the first time is to wonder why no one has yet made a star out of a camel with the staggers. His knees tend to buckle inward. Each finger goes in its own direction. His arms get in each other's way. When Joe sings *With a Little Help from My Friends*, he seems to need it literally.

Joe is healthy enough, of course. His central nervous system is definitely not plugged into the nearest A.C. outlet, as his flying hair, vibrating vertebrae and gibbering grimaces suggest. He cannot explain what seizes him when he gets on-stage. "It's not contrived, you know," he says. "I can understand, though, how some people could really be turned off watching me go like that. When I was on Ed Sullivan, they surrounded me with thousands of dancers to keep me hidden."

Hiding Joe Cocker is no longer that easy. In just eight months he has become the most popular white male blues singer in the U.S. At 25, he boasts a popularity matched only by that of the No. 1 white female blues singer, Janis Joplin. Well deserved, too, at least by cer-

tain rock standards, which place less value on vocal prowess than on energy, sincerity and "give." Joe's voice is as dusty as a bag of coal, and in truth there is not much variety in his rough-hewn delivery. Explains one Cocker fan: "It's just that Joe works like hell." When he comes running off after a set, he is like a boxer after a victorious ten-round—beat, breathless, happy.

Cocker is his real last name, but "Joe" is assumed. He was born John, and that, for some reason, just would not do. Before changing his given name, he worked by day as a pipefitter in his native Sheffield, 140 miles north of London, singing in the local pubs by night.

contradiction in terms, but U.S. professional music folk took to Cocker from the start. Among them was Herb Alpert, who issued Joe's first two LPs on his own A. & M. label. Now Cocker is a hotter draw than Alpert's own Tijuana Brass, the legendary combo that made millions blending Dixieland and mariachi. As the new Warner film *Woodstock* (see CINEMA) makes emphatically clear, Joe was one of the hits of last summer's historic Woodstock festival. In those days, working with an instrumental quartet called the Grease Band, Cocker had the habit of taking light rock, such as softer ditties by the Beatles, and giving it the heavy treatment. Now Joe has a large new group (36 friends known as Mad Dogs and Englishmen). It can back him up in anything from jazz to



MAD DOGS & ENGLISHMEN*

To the manna born, with a little help from piebald friends.

For a while, he billed himself as Vance Arnold. The next year he changed his name again and hit the top-50 charts with a single called *Marjorie*, then reached the top ten with *A Little Help from My Friends*. Most of the time since, he has spent in the U.S. "At least in America people want to change things," says Joe.

When things cannot be changed right off, though, the blues can be a big help. Like a lot of other white blues singers today—Joplin, Johnny Winter, John Mayall—Cocker occasionally encounters resentment that he, a white man, should dare to sing the black man's music. His reply to that is that the blues is now so important a music that it transcends racial boundaries. "Blues are in the back of everybody's mind," he says. "Everybody needs an outlet, 'cause no matter what you've got in possessions, you're still up against the wall."

A British blues singer sounds like a

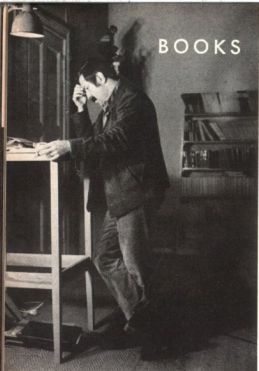
low-down blues to gospel singing. Gruff and virile of tone, but now obviously a star, Joe belts out his songs as to the manna born. He knows just when to shout, just when to pout, just when to let a phrase die with a low, sad whimper. At the Fillmore, Cocker's group came on, in fact, a bit like a white revival meeting. With his friends churning away at an old Julie London hit, *Cry Me a River*, Joe created a shouting, cathartic revival hymn.

Souls saved, the Fillmore faithful leaped on their seats and screamed approvingly. For a while, even Actor Michael J. Pollard (*Bonnie and Clyde*) was out onstage playing tambourine, until Impresario Bill Graham pulled him off by the lapels. "I didn't mind, except that he couldn't keep time," said Graham—as though anyone could have heard what Pollard was doing.

* Cocker with hands around knees, front left.

BOOKS

The Dentist's Chair and



WORKING AT HIS HOME DESK
A voice that judges the past.

MANN and Camus: dead. Sartre: silent. Malraux: Minister of Culture. The old mullers and brooders, the old definers of crisis, are heard no more in the European novel. For a long time it seemed that there might be no successors. A surprise candidate has now emerged from the wings, an odd figure with a loser's accent and a bizarre past. His earlier books had astonishing power, using dwarfs and drums and scarecrows to explore the nightmare dominion of Nazi Germany and the guilt that followed. To many readers, particularly in the U.S., all this was fascinating. It also seemed very long ago and far away.

Now, with a small new novel, *Local Anesthetic*, West Germany's Günter Wilhelm Grass has reached into the pressing present. The book's setting is Germany today. Its grim narrative device, characteristic of Grass's grotesque humor, offers society as a patient in a dentist's chair. The plot, if it can be called that, involves the threatened sacrificial burning of a dachshund. But Grass's real concern, which currently throbs like a sick tooth through the mind and conscience of the Western world, is the Generation Gap, the morality of revolutionary protest, the apparently helpless and surely tragic bankruptcy of liberalism.

At 42, Grass certainly does not look like the world's, or Germany's, greatest living novelist, though he may well be both. He has a gruff manner and a Dutch-comic soup-strainer mustache. There is a manic-gypsy look at the corners of his eyes, like that of an elf on a high. His face has been described as

the sort that nervous mothers warn children against before they skip off to play in the Black Forest. At charades, he couldn't miss as one of those ambivalent wood cutters that lurk in the background of Grimm fairy tales.

For a German, Grass is a nonconformist in more important ways. His country reveres specialization. Grass has exuberantly sprawled out as minor poet, polemical dramatist, artist, sculptor and jazz musician. He has persistently made fun of the Establishment and the past. In the matter of language, he is a total revolutionary. Too often in Germany, culture has suggested lofty abstractions and an aristocratic style. Grass has always liked to stand the German language on its head and shake it. The result is Rabelaisian horselaughs, horrifying images and earthy sights, smells and sounds that make his visions of yesterday as immediate as a stubbed toe—or, yes, a toothache.

Lately, he has also crossed the most sacred boundary of all: the one that separates the German literary artist from politics. By custom, Germans expect a soulful aloofness from intellectuals. Art is enduring, a thing apart, not to be contaminated by the daily, dirty round of politics. Naturally, the last thing that Germans expect of a writer is that he will paint a rooster crowing "Es-Pe-De" (for Social Democratic Party) on the side of a secondhand Volkswagen bus and vulgarly, vulgarly bounce thousands of miles through West Germany campaigning for Willy Brandt. Last summer Grass did just that.

Distrustful Man

In a country still prone to convulsions of superhuman idealism, Grass remains a man thoroughly distrustful of the soaring and the abstract. "I have no ideology, no weltanschauung," he recently wrote to a friend. "The last one I had fell apart when I was 17 years old."

The principal personification of his distrust, his key corrective agent, as well as Grass's most famous character, is Oskar the dwarf, the protagonist of his first novel, *The Tin Drum*. The book sold more than 1,500,000 copies around the world (about 600,000 in the U.S.), as appalled and fascinated readers in 16 languages absorbed the dwarf's devastating, knee-high view of the rise and fall of the Third Reich. Oskar's "sing-scream" could shatter glass. His magic drum carried him back and forth in time. One of his best tricks was breaking up Nazi rallies by hiding beneath the speakers' platforms and beating out counter-rhythms on the tin drum. In his writing, in his life, Grass has played his own version of Oskar. He too has done his demonic best to break up all the going German rhythms, from the marching-to-destiny beat of *Deutschland über Alles* to the amnesiac waltz of postwar prosperity. In three war

novels he has drummed: Remember! Remember! REMEMBER!

In articles and speeches, Grass has consistently attacked former members of the Nazi Party, including ex-Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger and ex-Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss. In *Cat and Mouse* (1961), a nearly flawless small novel about German teenagers during World War II, Grass openly made fun of the Iron Cross—by having his hero dangle it in front of his genitals. Mad dreams of superstates, militarism and the kind of procrustean idealism that makes preposterous demands and holds out impossible hopes for society are inevitable Grassian targets. But Grass has also cleverly spun the coin of guilt to show that the Nazi nightmare was built upon Everyman's petty greed, with its corresponding indifference to the fate of others. In dealing with this, Grass's critical contrivances are customarily subtle.

The typically grim, fairy-tale props in *Dog Years* (1963), for instance, were magic spectacles that allowed postwar German children to see exactly what their innocent parents were actually doing between 1939 and 1945. The cruellest metaphor for greedy indifference occurs toward the end of *The Tin Drum*, when Oskar's father is killed in his grocery cellar by occupying Russian forces. His body falls across the path of some ants that have set up supply lines to a smashed sack of sugar. "The ants found themselves facing a new situation," Grass wrote, "but, undismayed by the detour, soon built a new highway round the doubled-up Matzerath, for the sugar that trickled out of the burst sack had lost none of its sweetness while Marshal Rokossovski was occupying the city of Danzig."

Such imagery, put to the service of moral passion, has won Grass renown outside Germany as his country's most committed writer. "Much of what is

GERMAN UNIVERSITY



s an Allegory of Life

the active conscience in the Germany of Krupp and the Munich beer halls." Critic George Steiner once put it, "lies in this man's ribald keeping." Characteristically impatient with grandiose claims of any sort, Grass rejects this sort of praise out of hand. For other reasons, a great many of his fellow countrymen reject the judgment too, particularly former Nazis, the middle class and petty shopkeepers of the older generation from whom Grass himself sprang. Such folk like to refer to him as "Pornograss," or contemptuously as *der Schnauzbart* (the mustache).

A Melancholy Awareness

Local Anaesthetic (Harcourt, Brace & World; \$6.95) is Grass's fourth novel. It still contains labyrinthine tunnels into the Nazi past. But the book is more obsessed with the affluent society, student revolt and the moral wound of the Viet Nam War. Is it a mark of German progress or American decline that Grass's anguished study of a contemporary German student, his teacher and a threatened antiwar demonstration seems as American, and as unsettling, as the latest homemade-bomb scare? It is one of Grass's several geniuses to ask the appropriate question at the appropriate time. "My God, what did we do?" was the simple right question to ask when *The Tin Drum* was written. "My God, what do we do now?" is the complicated right question to ask today.

How sick was the middle class in Nazi Germany? Grass knew, and for three novels would not let anyone forget it. How sick is the middle class today throughout the Western world? In *Local Anaesthetic* the ex-tin drummer is testing, testing.

Give him a crisis. Can Middle-Class Man, 1970, make a decision?

Give him a duty. Can he perform it?

Give him a son. Can he play father?

Grass's principal character is a

40-year-old high school teacher and bachelor named Eberhard Starusch. Stretched between past and future, he preaches reason to an age now raging toward an absolutism as extreme as that held by the Nazis. Starusch appeared fleetingly in earlier books as Störtebeker, the teen-age leader of the Dusters Gang of Grass's hometown of Danzig, pillager of churches and wartime delinquent extraordinary.

Now it is 25 years later in West Berlin. Störtebeker has been ground down into a rueful academic mediocrity. A notably unsuccessful lover, he leads an unswinging life. It consists of books, records, a collection of Celtic shards, a new Berber rug, bottles of Moselle wine that generally fail to seduce and a profoundly melancholy awareness that there is no dramatic cure—and perhaps no cure at all—for the pain of the world.

Starusch is stirred to action by Philipp Scherbaum, one of his students. The boy threatens a public immolation, partly to protest violence in general but mainly to lament the use of napalm in the Viet Nam War. He does not plan to burn himself—not from any cowardice, Grass makes clear, but because of a probably correct belief that jaded and cynical Berliners would hardly stop yawning if a 17-year-old made himself a human torch. But, the boy reasons, Berliners love dogs. Accordingly, in front of the pastry-gobbling matrons on the terrace of a Kurfürstendamm café, Philipp plans to burn Max, his own much-loved dachshund, and hold up a sign that reads: "This is gasoline, not napalm."

Even a few years ago, such a situation would have seemed pure farce conjured up by someone peculiarly given to the grotesque—Grass himself, perhaps, or the late Lenny Bruce. Not today. Starusch knows that Philipp means it, and he cares deeply. The boy is his most gifted and likable student. The real thrust of Grass's book concerns the teacher's attempts to save his pupil, casting about in his mind for such shreds of love, logic and learning as Western civilization can provide.

Rummaging urgently through the storehouse of history, Starusch shows his class that revolution inevitably devours its children and ends in reformism. "With a little patience," he points out, "they could have had the same thing at less cost." Says Scherbaum, gently: "You oughtn't to take this business about history so tragically. Spring has no meaning, either, or has it?"

Morality and metaphysics are marshaled. "Public burnings are no deterrent," Starusch thinks, "they only satisfy base instincts. (I'll tell Scherbaum that.) To show the absurdity and ineffectuality of any action, Starusch ponders assigning a paper on "What are acts?" Democracy, that most inefficient



HAWKING POLITICAL PAPERS IN THE STREETS
Drummer for limited opportunity.

if most protective form of government, is also invoked. Scherbaum is not impressed. "Freedom of choice and second helpings," he says, summing up the café ladies, "that's what they mean by democracy."

Growing desperate, Starusch even offers to burn another dog with Scherbaum. He hopes to confuse the issue and thinks that, at the very least, he will be able to protect the boy from the angry crowd. Scherbaum refuses sadly. "You're over thirty," he observes. "All you care about is limiting the damage." "Watch yourself, Flip," advises Scherbaum's politicized girl friend Vero, who wants to see her lions eat her Christians, or vice versa. "Mao wants us against the motley intellectuals."

Meandering into Love

The crucial third party in the tug of war over Scherbaum's soul, however, is an unnamed man in tennis shoes: Starusch's dentist. Starusch has an over-shot underjaw. Pain and multiple appointments are involved. Along with other local anaesthetics, the dentist maintains a diversionary TV set on his wall. As a modern opiate it is not far behind Novocain and the ultra-high-speed drill.

Much of what Starusch thinks, feels and seems to dredge up from his memories and fantasies occurs in the form of a surrealist TV show glimpsed past his tormentor's ear. Meanderings into Starusch's early love life, barely suppressed feelings of violence and real or imagined career in reinforced concrete multiply, not always fruitfully for the reader. Grass, who has long admired

STUDENTS IN MUNICH PARK



Herman Melville, sometimes seems bound to do lightly for dentistry what the author of *Moby Dick* did for whaling. Symbols clang. Tartar on the teeth, one gathers, is Evil—"calcified hate." Parallels are drawn—and stretched—between pumice (for cleansing) and pumice (for building), and between middle-aged teeth and the decayed pillboxes on the Normandy beaches.

Grass's intention is broader than one at first suspects. *Local Anaesthetic*, in fact, may go down in history as the first novel to turn the dentist's chair into an allegory of life. Absolutist revolutions, religions and moralities have all foundered on the problems of pain and how to cure it. Now Grass's dentist steps forward, an apostle of technology, a priest of the "relative." He reduces philosophy to Seneca plus hygiene. He is the exact fulfillment of

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



LUCIUS ANNAEUS SENECA (A.D. 60)
Desiring what the situation demands.

Spengler's prophecy that absolute engineering is man's historical destiny.

"One man held the patient's left arm," he complacently lectures Starusch, comparing the painless extractions of today with the dental horrors of a century ago. "The second wedged his knee into the pit of his stomach, the third held the poor devil's right hand over a candle flame so as to divide the pain." True, too true. Few benefactors of humanity can more easily prove relative progress in the conquest of pain than dentists. Few are less lovable. The dentist takes an interest in Scherbaum's case. He even offers the boy a free examination. Mercilessly, Grass shows how close in some ways the dentist's liberal views are to the muddled humanism of Starusch. "I can counsel moderation," says the proud dentist. "I refuse to demand the abolition of Kirsch Torte and hard candy." Then comes the *coup de grâce*. "How do you feel about napalm?" Starusch asks between rinsings. The reply: "Well, measured against the nuclear weapons known to us, napalm

must be termed relatively harmless."

Local Anaesthetic is thinner and more schematic than Grass's earlier books. The positions taken by Starusch, Scherbaum and the dentist are not new. How could they be? But they have more nuances of feeling and rueful perceptions than can be imagined or explained easily, or than the elements of a Socratic dialogue have any right to demonstrate.

The Sadness of Knowledge

Grass is Starusch, essentially. Yet Starusch is the least effectual spokesman present. Student Scherbaum, whose feelings Grass also largely shares, is a more plausible, a purer personality. What lends the story its inner force is the relationship between student and teacher—a compound of affection, melancholy, slight understanding and profound gap. The truths of middle age are usually enunciated with the smugness of Spiro Agnew speaking of effete snobs. But Humanist-Fumbler Starusch possesses charity, or what he calls "the sadness of my better knowledge."

Like Grass, Starusch is aware of how depressing it is to know that all actions, even the purest, are likely to be compromised, and that society, possessed of enormous power to harm itself, has only small power to improve. Like Grass, he mourns the fall of valor and of hope that occurs each time his kind of knowledge prevails, catching up a youthful spirit in the toils of conventional wisdom.

Childless Starusch comes very close to a father's love. What can man learn? What can man teach? Grass asks these questions while confronting a world where conventional wisdom seems to find itself hopelessly compromised and often outflanked by impatient rage. But his book's debate also seems to offer the classic definitions—though not the romantic solutions—of Nietzsche, whom Starusch quotes both seriously and ironically.

Man, Nietzsche thought, tugs himself in two opposite directions. The Greek god of wine, Dionysus, represents the feeling part of man: vital, creative, inspired but, if carried to excess, also deranged and destructive. Apollo, the sun god, stands for the reasoning part of man, drawn toward order, systems, and justice—with the risk, of course, of deadening overorganization.

Totally Reasonable

Looking at Scherbaum, Starusch, in effect, asks: Can life be passionate, alive, Dionysian, without spinning off into chaos? Looking at his stoic dentist, spouting Seneca, Starusch asks: Can life be orderly, totally reasonable, Apollonian, without becoming as sterile as a dentist's office?

Here is the dilemma of the middle class, and here is Grass flapping wildly to maintain balance, while looking despairingly at the record of bourgeois society, 1939-1970. The patient, especially in Germany, keeps going on awful binges—between which he snores

away in a complacent stupor. Blood lust or Novocain-tingle: Are there no alternatives? Grass has been haunted by this question all his life.

In a remarkable passage in *The Tin Drum*, he dreams of the perfect Nietzschean synthesis: "Oskar was a little demigod whose business it was to harmonize chaos and intoxicate reason. This may also be as close to a definition of the artist's job as Grass has come. The bloodletting material, the tin drumming style of the war novels has partly disguised what *Local Anaesthetic* makes apparent: Grass is a fanatic for moderation. He is a moderate the way other men are extremists. He is a man almost crazy for sanity."

Balance is Grass's game. He is in love with the firm, the tangible. He has a peasant's instinct for the solid ground, an artisan's feeling for materials

CULVER PICTURE



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE (1880)
Dreaming of Dionysian fantasies.

His West Berlin home—described by one visitor as "a god-awful Wilhelmstrasse house"—is solid as a fort. The furniture is reassuringly thick-legged. The floors are bare. There are no curtains.

In clean, wrinkled, absolutely undistinguished clothes—open-necked shirts are the rule—Grass walks from room to room with workmanlike purpose. He looks like the visiting plumber who has a job to do and knows quite well that he can do it. He is a man who rolls his own cigarettes from black, earthy, wonderfully vile-looking tobacco (Schwarzer Krauser, No. 1). His notion of vacation is to rent a cottage in Brittany and dig all day for clams.

He loves West Berlin, including its *Kneipen* (corner pubs). With his Swiss wife Anna, a former ballet dancer, and the children—twins, Franz and Raoul, 12, Laura, 8, and four-year-old Bruno—he still goes on long investigatory walks. Whatever puts him at one remove from the physical, Grass hates, including the automobile (he refuses to learn to

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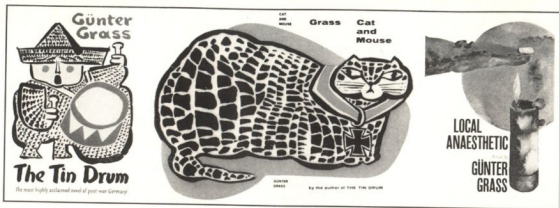
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GRASS-DESIGNED BOOK JACKETS FOR THREE NOVELS
Born to be one of nature's liveliest balancing acts.

drive) and the telephone (he used to hide his in a cupboard and beg his friends not to call).

On Sundays and other special occasions, he cooks for the family and friends. His specialty: roast mutton à la Grass (recipe, secret), which he has used occasionally as the lure to political gatherings in his home. "Cooking is like sculpture," he says. "It's working with real material. Writing, just words on a page; it's too abstract to satisfy."

Still, Grass makes writing as corporal and kinetic as he can. He composes standing up, as Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe did before him, planting himself before a tailored-to-order desk like a craftsman at his workbench. And when he works, he works: up to seven hours a day. He makes notes in a large scrawl with a felt pen but does his actual writing on a typewriter. A good day he

will usually produce six pages, double-spaced, that eventually go through two, maybe three, rewrites. Even so, *The Tin Drum* took more than five years to complete.

From his very beginning, Grass was born to be one of nature's liveliest balancing acts. German grocer father. Mother a volatile product of the Kashubians, a Slavonic tribe with its own language that figures, right down to its recipes, in all of Grass's novels. A good, sturdy mongrel strain for an artist who would have to carry out (literally) Joyce's advice to the writers' guild: silence, exile and cunning.

What his native city of Danzig (now the Polish city of Gdańsk) meant to young Grass is laid bare in his novels in passages as close to lyricism as this anti-sentimental man can come. The boyhood scenes along the Vistula in

Dog Years bear a universal-urchin resemblance to Mark Twain's recollections of his own lost Eden, the Mississippi. "For me," Grass recalls, "Danzig was a modern port and a medieval town, a marvelous mixture."

Grass's Danzig comes through the pores: the swoop of gulls, the rainbow oil slicks on harbor water, those unique greens and maroons that encrust the sides of tramp steamers, the look of rusty iron against snow. Then there is the city itself: a palette of earth tones and potato browns under spirals of wood smoke. The Danzig sentences flow like the Vistula, chock-full of the flotsam that Grass loves to describe.

Grass fiercely denies that he writes autobiography. In preparation for *The Tin Drum*, he revisited Danzig briefly and researched the story of its Polish post office besieged by the SS Home

Trials of a Translator

It is often said that good translations are like women: If faithful they are not beautiful, if beautiful they are not faithful. The real test of a translator's skill, however, is not one of truth v. beauty but of workable compromise. That is a particular challenge in the case of Günter Grass, whose writing is generally regarded as remarkably hard to translate. Fortunately Grass's publishers managed at the very beginning to find one of the world's most talented translators for the task. He is Ralph Manheim, 63, a multilingual American who lives in Paris. He won the P.E.N. Translation Prize in 1964 for Grass's *The Tin Drum* and has just received this year's National Book Awards prize for translating Céline's *Castle to Castle*.

In part, a translator's job is to act as a sensitive and knowledgeable link between alien cultures. The incredible range and idiosyncrasy of Grass's language make extraordinary demands on any translator. Heaps of new coinages are typical in Grass's books, as with "*Knochenberg*" (bone mountain), which Grass used to describe the enormous pile of human bones lying outside the processing plant in *Dog Years*. Leaps of Grass's imagination inconspicuously link references to obscure moments in Polish and German history, folklore, pop songs and blasphemous echoes from the Catholic Mass (relics of Grass's days as an altar boy).

Grass is much given to parody. Hitler's military jargon, for instance, is spoofed in delusive GHQ commands sent out to recapture the Führer's lost German shepherd, Prinz, as the Third Reich crumbles. Sample: "On the Jüterbog-

Torgau line, projected antitank trenches are replaced by Führerdogtraptrenches." Often the blindest bits in Grass's prose derive from what critics refer to as "thing magic" (*Dingmagie*), those long inventories of physical objects that Grass compiles to retrieve German from abstraction and the swarms of technical terms he uses, mostly derived from his own odd pockets of experience.

After wrestling with Oskar's stonecutting experiences in *The Tin Drum*, for example, Manheim finally gave up. "You've got to find a German-American stonecutter who can get the terms right in both languages," he wrote the publisher. The publisher did. Manheim made it through ex-Potash Miner Grass's scenes from *Dog Years* with the help of special dictionaries. But in translating *Local Anaesthetic*, Manheim had tremendous trouble with the highly technical language of dentistry used by Grass, who has made a study of the subject. "Many of the words," Manheim admits, "just weren't in the dictionaries." Fortunately, he got help from a dentist's assistant who had studied in the U.S. for two years—and he supplied the English terms. "Between them," Manheim adds, "Grass's novel and that dental assistant sold me on a Water Pik."

No translator, of course, especially if his author knows both languages involved (as does Grass), can win every time. In German, the last line of *Local Anaesthetic* is "immer neue Schmerzen," or always new pains. Manheim translated it as "There will always be pain." For his taste, Günter Grass finds that far too full of resignation.

Guard. Yet he only recently received a stack of photographs of the city that he shuffles through, making precise identifications. "This is the school in *Cat and Mouse* . . . Here's the cemetery in *The Tin Drum*."

When a Grass protagonist leaves Danzig, the world starts at once to turn into a nightmare. It is as if a malediction had been pronounced. Homey realism begins to tear apart into fantasy. Characters are likely to change not only their names but their personalities—thinning out, abstracting, becoming jeering ghosts of their former selves.

Grass has succinctly outlined his own journey into that nightmare: "At the age of ten, I was a member of the Hitler Cubs; when I was 14, I was enrolled in the Hitler Youth. At 15, I called myself an Air Force auxiliary. At 17, I was in the armored infantry." Grass left Danzig as a soldier in 1944. He was wounded on April 20, 1945, and the end of the war

matic decade in modern history? The general pattern was one of slow maturing and lots of retreat time in the desert—the training rules of artists and saints. Grass did not exactly step out of P.W. uniform with calling in hand. He worked as a farm laborer, then in a potash mine—the scene of the climactic *Walpurgisnacht in Dog Years*. There followed further preliminary skirmishes among the ruins, more rehearsed hand-holds on life tentatively resumed.

Grass's sense of direction became firmer when he, like Oskar, apprenticed himself to a tombstone cutter in Düsseldorf—an almost too perfect school for the artist, considering Grass's bent. One imagines him, teeth bared in a macabre grin, ferociously attacking stone angels. In 1949 it all began to come together. Grass was accepted at Düsseldorf's Academy of Art, to study painting and sculpture. He played drums and washboard with the local jazz band

alecks," the last guardian of German *Kultur*. Thomas Mann, called them. But in the cultural power vacuum of post-war Germany, Group 47 had the influence of an intellectual Mafia. Unshaven, in working clothes and a peaked cloth cap, as veteran Group 47 members now recall him, Grass stood in the doorway and announced: "*Ich bin Grass*." The tin drummer was on his way.

Condemned to Limbo

To this young man with the absolutely undefeatable lower jaw, what did it matter that his first published book of verse fell into instant oblivion? In search of personal isolation and a new environment, Grass picked up his wife and moved to Paris. There he wrote, living on a monthly income of 300 marks (about \$75) from a German publisher that he eked out by selling strong-minded but simple drawings. In 1958, Grass read the first chapter from the electric chair. It is the custom for Group 47 to award an annual prize. Grass won in a landslide, getting more than 75% of the vote. *The Tin Drum* was published the following year, with an advance sale—then an astounding figure in Germany—of more than 40,000.

Every artist kills the middle class he loves, and Grass can seem merciless. "The truth is," he writes of Oskar's presumptive father before killing him off, "he had never been anything but a blue-eyed boy, smelling of cologne and incapable of understanding." Obedient in war, complacent in peace, the blue-eyed little nobody is the villain of all Grass's pieces, the real god that failed. Grass does not spare him.

Yet the members of the middle class remain Grass's wary hope too, and the object of his unspoken compassion. Seldom good enough, but never really bad either, they are condemned to the limbo of Dante's trimmers. Grass shares the pain he gives them because, finally, he knows he cannot save them or himself. Or can he?

That is why Grass goes apolitical. "My fame must have some use," he says grimly, and plods around Germany, an earnest Apollonian, devoting himself to what he calls "the boring, laborious task of reasoning." And of repeating himself. Günter Grass, concerned-citizen-on-the-stump, bears little resemblance to Grass the nightmare poet of past and present. He comes on anti-charismatic and plain-spoken. Gruffly he explains that there are only "limited opportunities." Then he pleads for bigger pensions for war widows, bigger inheritance taxes on estates over \$1,000,000, some sort of reconciliation with East Germany—in short, Social Democrat Willy Brandt's program.

Grass worries about the moral absolutism of the revolutionary young who seem willing to destroy society in the hope of curing it. Though much better motivated, he believes, such apocalyptic thinking could prove as dangerous as the absolutism of the Nazis. Grass



GRASS POURING AT FAMILY MEAL WITH CHILDREN & ANNA (AT LEFT)
Malediction beyond Danzig.

found him in a hospital bed at Marienbad. He was one of the first Germans to be marched through Dachau for a whiff of what the infernal was really like. He has not forgotten.

Patriotic Ideology

Call those the live-or-die years. Grass characters are nothing if not survival artists, and Grass survived. He estimates that 80% of the Danzig he knew was bombed out. He had to abandon, naturally, the patriotic ideology he once held as a self-styled "dutiful youth." Like Mahlike, the schoolboy hero of *Cat and Mouse*, he once could identify most German warships by class. Unlike Mahlike, Grass admits: "I myself was thinking right up to the end in 1945 that our war was the right war."

How did a grocer's son from Danzig ever put together the nerve, the innocence, the cold fury, the sheer talent to play tin drummer to the most trau-

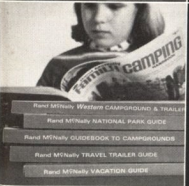
("to fill my stomach"). He began to write poetry ("to ease my soul"). He met Anna in 1952 on a hitchhiking vacation in Switzerland. They were married two years later, after she had moved to Berlin to dance. When, in 1953, he got into the Berlin School of Fine Arts, he also began to write plays.

In 1955, Anna entered a selection of her husband's poetry in a radio contest. He won third prize. More important, he earned a meeting with Group 47, once described by Grass as "the ambulant literary capital of Germany." It was a monumental encounter that must rank in literary legend with the day Hemingway first visited Gertrude Stein for tea.

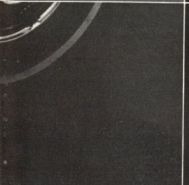
Group 47, named after the year it was founded, had been established as a forum where young German writers could read works-in-progress and have them appreciated, or criticized. (The reader's chair is known as the electric chair.) "That noisy horde of smart



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worries about the posters of Che Guevara and Martin Luther King Jr. that he finds on his son's bedroom walls. "Public mythology," he grumbles. "Che never wanted to be a picture that people pray before." (Grass himself is a lapsed Catholic, but he is letting his children be brought up in the church.)

The Establishment, of course, has never been able to abide Grass. The lower middle class has never forgiven his desecration of the Iron Cross. For his anti-militarism, his stand against sweeping Nazism under the rug, his insistence that a consumer society soon consumes far more than goods and services, he was for long a great hero of leftist intellectuals and the radical young. After all, the latter felt about their World War II parents the same way their American counterparts now feel about parental acquiescence to Viet Nam.

Grass, however, has spoken slightly of the cloistered attitudes of writers in their "heart-warming velvet jackets" who walk their "freedom and independence like lap dogs." Four years ago, he lost the intellectual left for good by writing *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising*, a play that implicitly criticized Leftist Cunt-Hero Bertolt Brecht for not supporting the 1953 workers' rebellion against the Communist regime in East Germany.

That left youth, the one group that Grass cares most about, the one group for which, essentially, *Local Anaesthetic* was written. Almost as much as the young do, he detests the dentist's pet

philosopher Seneca, whose stoic acceptance of the status quo, however horrifying, the elder generation in Germany and elsewhere has unwittingly come to adopt: "Let us train our minds to desire what the situation demands."

On Greece and War

Like the young of Germany, Grass deplores materialism and hates the depressive power of the Soviet Union. Like them, he is enraged by U.S. support of a bad government in Greece. Viet Nam, he has said, is a tragedy for postwar Europe because it has turned idealistic youth away from the U.S.—once hopefully looked to as a symbol of freedom and democracy. If anyone can or could speak to the Scherbaums of today, Grass can. But for how long? Morally, Grass is a liberal with a radical conscience.

In politics he is a step-by-step progressive and a practicing Social Democrat. However, much as he wants change from deep inner conviction and bitter experience, he is against all apocalyptic self-delusions, supersystems, magic social cures and high-flown notions that human society is swiftly perfectible. In sadness he speaks out against youthful extremists and what he calls the "blind activism of a pseudo-revolutionary movement." In anger he sees Neanderthal reaction setting in by men who speak with grim relish of restoring law and order. Tirelessly, subtly, he preaches the folly of posturing.

Pain eats up energy. Politics does not

encourage precise thought. "When you begin to shout and find the smile fixing itself on your mouth," Grass says, "you know you're really in politics." Political campaigns are also distracting—as Norman Mailer, the one major writer in the U.S. whose recent course seems to parallel Grass's, recently found out. There are critics who say that Grass will turn from writing to action for good if Willy Brandt should offer him a big enough job in the new government. Grass denies that. As proof, he holds up not only his work in progress but a completed body of writing, some of it done during his political period in the past five years, that has placed him beyond Mailer and Alexander Solzhenitsyn, at least in creative range and staying power.

It is a measure of Grass's seriousness that he has chosen to make a novel out of a theme as spectacularly unappealing as that of *Local Anaesthetic*. It is a measure of his honesty that he persists in giving the young the one answer he does not want to hear: "There is no answer." It is a measure of his abilities that he succeeds—touchingly, amusingly, agonizingly. Since *Local Anaesthetic* came out in Germany, Grass is often confronted by bitter high school and college students. "You only criticize," they complain, "you only show us how things are. Why don't you show us the way?" "I'm not a prophet," he growls in response, "I'm a writer." In the long run, that will probably have to be enough.

MILESTONES

Born. To Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, 50, the Shah of Iran, and Empress Farah, 31, his third wife: their fourth child, second girl; in Teheran. Name: Princess Leila.

Died. Brigadier General William R. Bond, 50, commander of the U.S. 199th Light Infantry Brigade and the first general to die of enemy small-arms fire in Viet Nam; of a chest wound; 67 miles northeast of Saigon. A 28-year Army veteran on his second Viet Nam tour, Bond was inspecting the scene of a recent firefight when he was hit by a single sniper's bullet. Four other generals have been killed in action—all in plane or helicopter crashes.

Died. Vera Brittain, 75, British pacifist and author; of pneumonia; in Wimbledon, England. A World War I battlefield nurse who lost her brother and fiancé in the trenches, Miss Brittain lectured widely and wrote with the passion of experience in her descriptive, often brutal, antiwar writings—most notably *Testament of Youth*, an account of her conversion to pacifism, which was published in the U.S. in 1933.

Died. Marshal Semyon K. Timoshenko, 75, one of the architects of

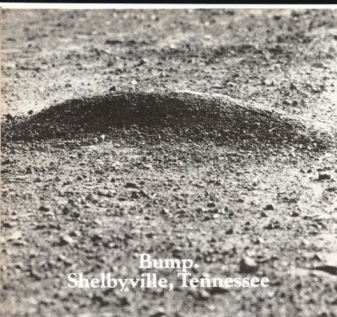
the German defeat on the Eastern front in World War II; of cancer; in Moscow. The son of a landless peasant, Timoshenko deserted the Czarist Army in 1917 to join the Bolshevik Revolution and became one of Soviet Communism's staunchest soldiers. A favorite of Stalin, he rose to the rank of Marshal at the age of 45, won a reputation for tenacity and rigorous discipline if not for tactical brilliance. He was called in to bolster the sagging Russian invasion of Finland in 1939 and led five armies plus 20 divisions in the famed battle of Smolensk in 1941. Though Timoshenko's troops were eventually defeated, his tenacious defensive stand ruined the Nazis' timetable and forced them into the bitter winter campaign for Moscow, which was a turning point of the war.

Died. Lieut. Colonel Frederick Gerard Peake, 83, British officer who founded the Arab Legion in Transjordan; of pneumonia; in Kelso, Scotland. Peake got his desert experience under the famed Lawrence of Arabia in World War I, was then given his own command as inspector general of gendarmerie in Transjordan in 1921. The 1,200-man legion he organized ranged over 34,000 sq. mi. of mountainous desert po-

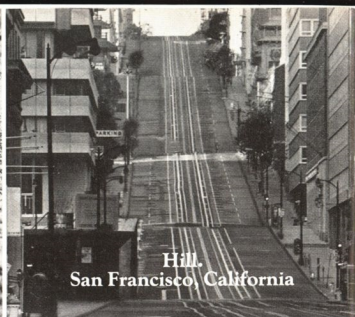
licing some 300,000 people and proved to be the most efficient military force in the entire Arab world.

Died. Heinrich Brüning, 84, Chancellor during the last years of the Weimar Republic; in Norwich, Vt. Appointed by Hindenburg in 1930, Brüning tried everything from stern economic measures to rule by decree in an effort to hold the country together. Nothing worked, and his near-dictatorial powers earned him many enemies among industrialists and landowners, who turned Hindenburg against him. Brüning resigned in 1932, then fled Germany during the 1934 "blood purge" and later taught at Harvard.

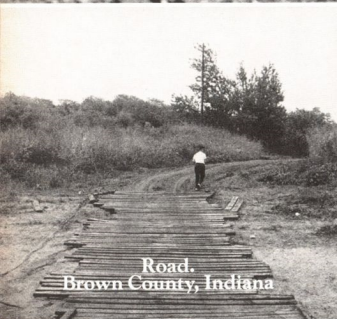
Died. Anna Louise Strong, 84, Nebraska-born writer and unswerving servant first of Soviet and then Chinese Communism; of heart disease; in Peking. Miss Strong became devoted to Marxism while touring Russia with a relief mission in the '20s and spent the rest of her life glorifying it—first from the Soviet Union, where she edited the English language *Moscow Daily News*, and after World War II from Communist China, where she extolled Chairman Mao in a monthly publication, *Letter from China*.



Bump.
Shelbyville, Tennessee



Hill.
San Francisco, California



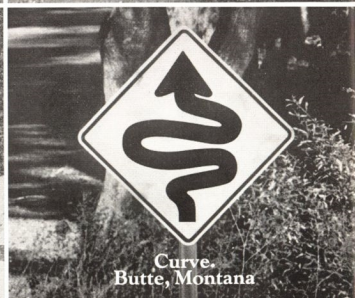
Road.
Brown County, Indiana



Hole.
New York City



Blizzard.
Minneapolis, Minnesota



Curve.
Butte, Montana

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MODERN LIVING

White Gold in France

THROUGHOUT the late 1960s, the increasingly popular sport of alpine skiing was almost totally dominated by the French. Led by the incomparable Jean-Claude Killy and the Goitschel sisters, French ski teams demonstrated their superiority on nearly every snow-capped peak in Europe and the U.S. So it stands to reason that France would also want to capture national honors in the race for the growing ski-resort trade. That is precisely what it is doing. Splashy, audaciously conceived resorts are sprouting all along the French Alpine timberline and drawing thousands of snow worshipers away from the established ski enclaves of Switzerland and Austria. Despite fitful weather and the worst avalanche season since 1917, French winter tourism is currently schussing along at its healthiest pace ever.

With typical Gallic shrewdness, the French calculated that the best way to outdraw the Swiss and Austrian ski resorts was to make a radical departure from the traditional cowbell and cuckoo-clock-village style. They have succeeded in doing just that by carving bold, ultramodern, eminently convenient resorts out of empty mountain space. The most popular resorts—Flaine, Avoriaz, Les Arcs and La Plagne—are located in the Savoie region; generally, the slopes they offer are every bit as formidable as the more famous runs at Kitzbühel and St. Moritz. Crisscrossed with the latest in *téléphériques* (cabin lifts), garlanded with heated swimming pools, bedecked with strobe-lighted discothèques, the swinging new French resorts have an allure of adventure and practicality all their own. How many ski resorts offer, as La Plagne does, four nightclubs and a Chinese restaurant? Where else can a skier strap on his skis at his front door and gain the lift in a few turns, as he can in Les Arcs or Avoriaz? Such elegant little touches drew more than 1,500,000 skiers and *après-ski* devotees to the French Alps this season.

Learning from Mistakes. The upsurge in French-resort skiing is part of a carefully designed plan. After World War II it became apparent that, as far as ski areas were concerned, Austria and Switzerland had been exploited to near capacity. Also, by the 1960s the French economy was in difficult straits and the country's tourist industry had tailed off sharply. Then someone in the French Ministry of Tourism finally noticed the Alps just sitting there, beautiful, capacious and unproductive. The rush for white gold was on.

The government granted long-term, low-interest mortgages to resort builders, and now there is hardly a bank in France that is not involved in the ski-resort industry. The French also had the benefit of learning from the mistakes of resort owners in other countries. All the new resorts are built high on the mountain so that skiers can stay on the slopes into summer. Since the areas were simply created rather than built around existing towns, the promoters have been able to avoid becoming entangled in the confusing web of village politics and expropriation laws. Finally, they were able to install the most modern equipment and are not, like most

Les Hauts-Forts contains apartments, hotels, a shopping center and two restaurants—one of which serves only fondue. For those who actually want to ski, there are 60 miles of slopes and 28 lifts that can accommodate as many as 16,700 skiers per hour.

Flaine is more than an hour's drive from Avoriaz. Created by Eric Boissonnas, a physicist-turned-real estate developer, it is only in its second year of operation and will not be completely finished until 1975. At first sight, it is so austere and functional that it looks rather like an IBM office. The hotel and apartment interiors, however, are elegantly decorated, with heavy emphasis on Knoll and Herman Miller furniture. One of the highlights of the main complex of buildings is a combination restaurant, coffee shop and discothèque, done in Plexiglas and effectively brightened by blue lacquer paint. The lift station houses a giant *téléphérique* (capacity: 600); in all, there are ten lifts and 35 miles of well-balanced runs.

Les Arcs is a tiny jewel for the passionate skier. Situated near Val d'Isère (Killy's home and the site of last winter's disastrous avalanche), it offers 37 miles of breathtaking and challenging slopes. The atmosphere is, to say the least, clubby. Anyone buying into Les Arcs must be approved by a seven-man board of investors. The result is a homogeneous clientele roughly between the ages of 30 and 45, drawn mostly from publishing and the arts. Although it is primarily designed for serious skiers, it also offers a discothèque with a swimming pool attached, and a theater where the seats are giant plastic puffs filled with rice grains.

Confusing Labyrinth. La Plagne, built in 1961, is almost exclusively a family resort. As such, it is a trifle staid by skiers' standards. Located near the older resort of Courchevel, the resort has 23 well-maintained runs serviced by 17 lifts, but the runs are strictly for beginners or less adventuresome intermediates. Like Flaine, La Plagne is designed as a forum in which a sometimes confusing labyrinth of over-and-underground tunnels connect the various hotels and condominiums with the enormous shopping center. After nine years, the interior of the gondola that carries people to the top of the mountain is beginning to show signs of wear and tear. But that is only natural; La Plagne is proud of being the first of the bright new breed of French ski resorts.

Designed to resemble the huge boulders on the surrounding Alpine landscape, Hôtel les Dromonts at Avoriaz typifies the bold contemporary look of new French ski resorts.



U.S. and European resorts, plagued by inadequate lift facilities.

Integrated Activity. The most stunning of the new resorts is Avoriaz, which sits on a snow-covered shelf overlooking the Morzine Valley in Haute Savoie. Built in 1965, Avoriaz reeks of chic; it has become the St. Tropez of the mountains. The visitor leaves his car in the valley, boards the *téléphérique* and settles back to enjoy the eight-minute ride (perhaps with Frequent Visitor Brigitte Bardot up the steep, jagged mountainside. If he does not own an apartment in a condominium, he will most likely stay at the Hôtel des Dromonts, with 40 spacious, tastefully furnished rooms. The interior resembles a pyramid-shaped grotto where the walls jut out or recede at dramatic angles. The most exciting feature is the architectural concept of integrated activity. The bar, dining room and lobby are visible to one another and, wherever possible, the architects have avoided staircases in favor of tilted floors. Near by,

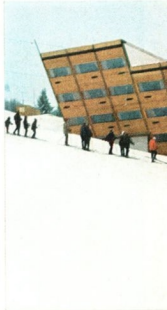




A complete skiing community in the mountains, La Plagne has skyscraper hotels



At Avoriaz (left), concrete and red-cedar shingle apartment house offers individual balconies and fireplaces.



Skiers at La Plagne swim in comfort in heated outdoor pool, which has become a status symbol for new Alpine resorts.



and condominiums, swimming pool, shopping center and ski lift with gondolas.



At Les Arcs, rakishly styled chalets lean forward as they march up the mountainside, much like the skiers they house.



Condominium at Flaine, designed by Architect Marcel Breuer, has recessed concrete panels with snowflake-like patterns.



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BUSINESS

Labor: The Year of Confrontation

STRIKE, Strike, Strike!!!! That angry chant, booming out at the end of Clifford Odets' play *Waiting for Lefty*, typified the spirit of radical protest in the depressed 1930s. Now, in the affluent '70s, it is echoing from meetings of union men who would fit neatly into Odets' script (truck drivers, tugboat deckhands) and many others who would not (mailmen, air traffic controllers). Their mood of frustration is so intense that 1970 may go down in U.S. economic history as the Year of the Strike.

The Nation's Cost. Last week, although strikes in various cities idled gravediggers, schoolteachers and garbage collectors, the nation suffered less disruption of vital services than had been expected. At week's end enough air traffic controllers were still staying out "sick" to ground many U.S. airline flights and cause long delays on others. Most teamsters, on the other hand, were returning to work after brief strikes in 37 cities helped to win a tentative national agreement. Their pact showed how costly it will be to meet labor's demands this year: during the next 39 months, teamsters' wages are scheduled to rise \$1.10 an hour, or about 27%, for 450,000 union members. At week's end Chicago teamsters were holding out for a fatter increase.

An even more expensive, and far more important settlement averted the threat of still another mail strike. In negotiations with Administration officials, and with the assistance of A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, the postal unions won a 6% raise—not only for themselves, but for all 5,300,000 ci-

vilian and military employees—retroactive to Dec. 27. That raise is slightly larger than one that had been due in July. The 725,000 postal workers will get another 8% whenever they, the Administration and Congress can agree on Post Office reorganization. The deal will cost the nation \$1.2 billion in the current fiscal year, ending June 30, and \$2.5 billion in fiscal 1971. Such expenditures would surely wipe out this year's anticipated budget surplus. To pay for the postal raises, the President asked Congress to increase first-class mail rates from 6¢ to 10¢ and to boost second-class and bulk third-class mail and parcel-post rates by 5% to 15%. In addition, he called for a speedup in collection of estate and gift taxes. Portions of the deal face trouble in Congress, which appears reluctant to raise mail rates.

The agreement nevertheless set a precedent because it was hammered out in industry-style collective bargaining. In the past, federal workers have won raises by lobbying in Congress, which has the final say on Government pay. From now on, other Government-employee unions are sure to press for similarly bargained agreements.

Less Buying Power. Many other strikes could begin soon. Next week, when a congressionally legislated strike moratorium expires, the nation's railroads could stop running. Members of shopcraft union locals are threatening to walk off the job regardless of what their leaders advise. On April 20, contracts covering some 70,000 rubber workers run out, and a strike is a distinct possibility. Later in the year,

38,000 meat packers, 23,000 retail grocery clerks and 660,000 auto workers will be free to strike because their contracts will also expire. All together, contracts covering 5,000,000 workers run out this year; that is twice as many as last year, and the most in any year of the last decade.

Prospects for a year of strikes hinge on far more than the coincidences of the bargaining calendar. The U.S. worker has been taught to expect that every year he will live at least a bit better than the year before. The very idea is embedded in the American dream, but inflation has turned that dream into a cruel fraud. Because of increases in prices and taxes, the real purchasing power of the average U.S. worker in manufacturing or service trades has declined about 24% since September 1968.

Moreover, says Joseph L. Ames, secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, workers have seen "that this is the day of organized protest in every field. You've got your student protest, your black protest, and this has coincided with the inflation spiral." That fact has made a particularly deep impression because one-quarter of all union members are now under 30, and almost half are under 40.

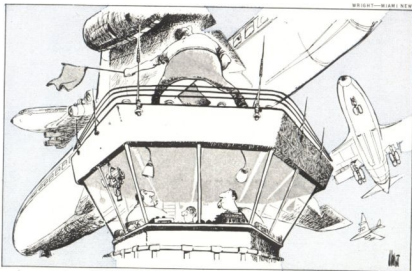
Foster Escalator. To make matters worse, union demands are colliding with falling profits and management determination to be tough. The hardest confrontation is shaping up for the autumn in the auto industry, where sales have been running 12% below a year ago. The United Auto Workers will be



DRAWING BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

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"THEY DEMAND A GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE, FOUR WEEKS' PAID VACATION, AND AN EARLY RETIREMENT PROGRAM, AND I DO NOT THINK, SIR, THAT THEY WILL ACCEPT 'OFF WITH THEIR HEADS' AS A RESPONSIBLE ANSWER TO THESE DEMANDS."



"YOU THINK THE PRESSURE IS GETTING TO OLD SMITTY?"

fighting not only for substantial wage raises and a faster-rising cost-of-living escalator but for extremely expensive pension increases. At present, a U.A.W. member can retire at age 60, after 30 years' employment, with a maximum pension of \$400 a month. Union men are talking of retirement at a minimum of \$500 a month and at any age after 30 years' service. Officials of General Motors, which may be Walter Reuther's prime strike target, are not only horrified but are talking of some tough demands of their own. Chairman James Roche has decried growing absenteeism (an average of 5% of the work force now v. 2.5% in 1960) and hinted that the company will press for contract guarantees of greater worker discipline.

The Nixon Administration so far has been maintaining a hands-off attitude toward the labor turmoil, intervening only when it has no choice, as in the mail strike. How much longer it can stick to its policy is questionable.

Worried by the presidential silence, many economists and politicians are urging Nixon to put the jawbone back to work. Walter Heller, onetime chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, calls Nixon's mild admonitions to labor and business "an open-mouth policy without teeth." Arthur Okun, another former CEA chairman, contends that Nixon has in effect declared "open season" for unions and companies to get all they can. Okun figures that between 1966 and 1968, wholesale prices rose an average 2.3% a year for most industries; they went up only 1.7% in 15 "jawboned" industries, including steel, copper, autos and aluminum. During 1969, says Okun, prices in those formerly jawboned industries rose 6%, v. a 3.5% rise for other industries.

Democratic critics are now picking up some Republican support. On behalf of the G.O.P. members of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, New York's Senator Jacob Javits last

essarily to such exceptionally high-price-increase industries as food, medicine and construction."

Whatever their merit, such arguments now seem somewhat irrelevant. Jawboning may indeed only divert inflationary pressure during a period of excess demand, but Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, believes that the deflationary policies of the last year have already succeeded in wringing excess demand out of the economy. Inflationary pressure now comes from 1) union drives for huge wage increases to catch up with past price boosts, and 2) businessmen's insistence on passing along pay increases by raising prices. It is precisely in such a situation that jawboning and the use of guidelines can be most effective.

Tough on Consumers. White House guidelines for noninflationary wage increases could give businessmen a bargaining point to use in labor negotiations. Labor's official position is that it will op-



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Open season on the open-mouth policy.

THE ECONOMY

Rising Clamor for the Jawbone

At his first White House press conference 15 months ago, President Nixon made what has turned out to be the most controversial economic pronouncement of his Administration. "I do not go along with the suggestion," said the President, "that inflation can be effectively controlled by exhorting labor and management and industry to follow certain guidelines."

His words signaled the end of the Kennedy-Johnson strategy of "jawboning"—exerting presidential pressure against individual wage and price increases that the White House deemed excessive. Nixon has addressed some generalized pleas to labor and management, but he has not defined his guidelines. Neither he nor his advisers have publicly criticized any specific pay or price rises. Last week, for example, steel and gasoline prices were increased, and the price of copper rose for the sixth time in 15 months—yet the White House remained silent. The President said nothing about labor's rising wage demands and threats of nationwide strikes.

month urged that the Council of Economic Advisers calculate and publicize the effects on the consumer of unusually large wage or price increases. The Javits paper, which also advocated voluntary credit rationing, was approved in general by all 43 Senators of the Republican policy group.

Violating Freedom? Many of Nixon's advisers answer that jawboning violates the principles of a free market—and might anger the President's business supporters. Some economists also dispute the contention that jawboning really works. Inflation, they stress, is caused by loose Government fiscal and monetary policy, which unleashes excessive demand in the economy. Jawboning may hold down prices in individual industries, says Nixon's CEA Chairman Paul McCracken, but that "may only divert inflationary pressure and make other wages and prices rise more."

Labor Secretary George Shultz argues that jawboning is also inequitable, hitting primarily at conspicuous and concentrated industries, like oil and steel. "It is applied to those whom it is easy to jawbone," he says, "not nec-

essarily to such exceptionally high-price-increase industries as food, medicine and construction."

pose any guidelines for wages unless there are equivalent restraints on prices, profits, dividends, rents and executive salaries and bonuses (*see following story*). Even so, presidential guidelines could give union leaders at least a talking point in trying to restrain their own rebellious members. Wage increases might go beyond the guidelines, but they probably would be smaller than if there were no guidelines at all.

Furthermore, continued inflation works far greater inequity on the consumer than jawboning does on any union or company. And jawboning need not lead to spectacular White House-industry battles. In 1968, for example, when the Council of Economic Advisers expected auto prices to go up an average \$100 per car, Lyndon Johnson's CEA invited General Motors Chairman James Roche to Washington for a private session. G.M. and CEA technicians exchanged figures on how much higher production costs would force G.M. to raise prices on its 1969 models. No explicit promises or threats were made, but G.M. wound up raising prices only an average \$52 per car.

Sometimes the mere threat of jaw-



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HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE. CHICAGO: HOTELS AMBASSADOR, SAN FRANCISCO: HOTEL MARK HOPKINS, MIAMI BEACH: AMERICANA OF BAL HARBOUR, PUERTO RICO:
AMERICANA OF SAN JUAN, NASSAU, BAHAMAS: PARADISE ISLAND HOTEL & VILLAS, PISTON BEWET TOWN.

boning has been effective. Manhattan Economic Consultant Pierre Rinfret recalls that during the Kennedy-Johnson years, he frequently advised corporate clients that they would be "bombed" by the White House if they put through planned price boosts. In some cases, he says the clients did not raise prices; in others they did, but told him later that they wished they had not. After Nixon's press-conference remark discarding the jawbone, Rinfret sent telegrams to all his corporate clients advising them to go ahead and make any price boosts they had in mind. Some did.

Given Nixon's commitments, it is unrealistic to expect him to use public jawboning on any wide scale. But he might at least modify his insistence that he will never jawbone at all. Such a change would keep union and business leaders guessing as to how big a wage or price boost might draw presidential wrath. And that uncertainty might serve to help slow the rate of inflation.

How Jawboning Has Worked In Canada

In Canada, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has tried to roll back a 5% rate of inflation by using the classic economic restraints of tight money and budget surpluses. He has also practiced a sophisticated form of jawboning, and his experience may hold some lessons for the U.S.

Last summer the Trudeau-appointed Prices and Incomes Commission sounded out leaders from business and labor on a proposed 5% ceiling for wage increases and 2.5% on prices. Labor leaders rejected the idea, largely because it provided no limit on rents or dividends.

Undaunted, the commission convened a meeting of 250 top businessmen last month and got an unusual agreement. For the rest of the year, the businessmen pledged, their price rises would be less than the increase in their costs—and they would open their books to the commissions to prove it. Provincial premiers agreed to hold down taxes, spending, and prices on many items, including auto licenses and liquor.

That left labor as the sole holdout. But union leaders also have to face elections, and they are aware that rank-and-file unionists rejected an unusually high number of contracts last year. Two weeks ago, the Canadian Labor Congress issued a statement turning down guidelines and arguing, not entirely without justification, that recession is now a greater worry than inflation.

Labor's intransigence endangered the policy of jawboning. "The business community has probably got some thinking to do on our undertaking to hold the line," said Leonard Wills, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. If some companies now decide to break their commitment, he added, "it's likely to snowball, and then the whole damn thing goes out the window."

The Agony of Executive Failure

DURING the expansive 1960s, executive promotions came soon and often in a long list of fast-growing U.S. companies. But all too frequently the rising members of the executive suite were hard put to handle their new assignments. "A boom market," says Pittsburgh Executive Recruiter Richard MacQuown, "can camouflage anything, including incompetence." Now business is slowing down, and the camouflage is harder to keep up. Corporate chiefs increasingly must face the agonizing task of reinvigorating or dismissing failing executives.

The problem is surfacing in some of the biggest corporations. Yet the causes and cures of executive failure often baffle top managers. They are turning to behavioral scientists, who have classified at least three types of failing executives:

► **The Early Flameout.** Dr. Herbert Klemme, a psychiatrist at the Menninger Foundation, has found that many men go through a "mid-life crisis" at about age 35. Just around then, says Klemme, a man often faces the jolting realization that he cannot accomplish all his early dreams, and, more important, begins to think seriously for the first time about the inevitability of death. Some flameouts simply sink into depression, others start to drink heavily. In any event, their work and their careers suffer.

► **The Climacteric Man.** Executives in their late 40s or early 50s often begin to perform sloppily in jobs they did well for years. Boredom is one reason. Paul Armer, director of Stanford's computation center, explains another reason with his Paul Principle: "Individuals often become incompetent at a level at which they once performed quite adequately." The executive may feel, rightly or wrongly, that he is undereducated, that he cannot keep up with the complexities of modern business and the talents of younger executives. Typical lament: "I'm too old to learn about this."

► **The Indecisive Boss.** This executive is so paralyzed by fear of making a mistake that he lets major problems pile up on his desk while he becomes preoccupied with trivia. Charles Bowen Jr., president of the management consulting firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, recalls that "one head of marketing for a large corporation spent his first six months almost totally concerned with the decorating of his office. There were things

that needed his attention, but he could not face them."

The Empty-Box Ploy. Whatever the cause, the executive who is slipping often betrays himself by telltale signs. He will work long hours, nag his staff about petty details, or replace competent subordinates with yes men. Refusal to take a vacation is an almost certain symptom. Failures are terrified that their shortcomings will be discovered in their absence. Sometimes the failures resort to elaborate—and costly—ruses to cover their traces. In one TV-set manufacturing company, for example, a vice president could not meet his production goals and shipped empty boxes to distributors. When they complained, he insisted it had all been a mistake; by that time, he had managed to finish the sets.

Coping with obsolescent executives, says Wayne M. Hoffman, chairman of Flying Tiger Lines, is "the toughest job of top management." U.S. business often goes to extraordinary lengths to shield its failures. Next to early retirement with an extra-generous pension, the most common tactic is to move the failure to an impressive-sounding job that has no content. In fact, says Harvard Business Professor Abraham Zalesnik, he is "vice president of nothing." The man with a lofty title, a high salary and little to do may seem to be in an enviable position, but few enjoy it. "I have talked to many of them," says David Gleicher, a research executive at Arthur D. Little. "They are dying and they know it."

The Sternest Test. Much more intelligent—and effective—methods could be used. Menninger's Klemme believes that many early flameouts could be prevented by competent psychological counseling, which few companies offer. Older executives could be reinvigorated by sabbaticals or company-paid refresher courses in subjects that now frighten them (example: computer technology). They could be switched from jobs in which they are getting stale to different but important assignments. A shift need not be downgrading; on the average, a man in middle management today stays in his job only 18 months before moving on.

As a last resort, the most humane method may be simply to fire the man, with an honest explanation of the reason why. "Being fired," says Los Angeles Management Consultant Thomas J. Johnston, "is another part of the executive job"—and the ability to bounce back from dismissal is perhaps the sternest test of executive fiber.

* A corollary to Laurence Peter's "Peter Principle," which holds that employees advance through jobs at which they are competent until they are promoted to their level of incompetence.



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how to improve the way their cars looked, we were worrying about how to improve the way our car worked.



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SECURITY Companies Besieged

During the time of "peace," the "enemy" prepares the way for attack and internal disruption.

For all its martial tone, that quotation is not an excerpt from the maxims of Chairman Mao or Che Guevara's advice to guerrillas. It is a sample from the conventional wisdom of *A Checklist for Plant Security*, a 16-page pamphlet published by the National Association of Manufacturers and distributed to 250,000 businessmen. Its militant, military style is a direct response to the disturbing fact that U.S. business is now under siege—the target of a multipronged assault by forces ranging from outside political protesters to embezzling employees.

The attackers are using just about every weapon available. Office buildings, banks and department stores have been damaged by bricks, fire and bombs. Petty thievery and white-collar crime are rising. The National Association of Retail Merchants reported that shortages of goods rose by 10% in 1968, the latest recorded year. The shortages amounted to about \$3 billion, equal to 1.7% of total U.S. retail sales. For some stores, losses from shoplifting and employee pilferage are running as high as 6%. Last year some \$50 million worth of securities vanished from Wall Street banks and brokerage houses.

Dynamite Detector. One result of the crime and violence is that companies supplying guards, watchdogs, alarms, surveillance devices and identification systems can barely keep up with the demand. The U.S. Department of Commerce estimates that the number of detective agencies and protective services has grown by 40% since 1965, to more than 3,000. In the sluggish mid-February stock market, a \$15 million issue of stock in Brink's, the armored-car company, sold easily and rose to a 10% premium. Pinkerton's, which has the largest U.S. private detective force, reported that 1969 revenues increased 21%, to a record \$120.5 million. Vice President John A. Willis credits the gain partly to the spreading interest in the protection of office buildings. "Every month," he says, "we add a fair share of high-rise clients."

The most obvious sign of business nervousness is the uniformed guards that now patrol the offices of many non-defense companies. Employees at American Telephone & Telegraph Co. headquarters in Manhattan, for example, must show identification cards every time they enter or leave the building. Visitors with no specific business in the building are firmly escorted outside. Some groups of businessmen even employ private guards in their neighborhoods to supplement the police. Between 59th and 74th streets, New York City's Madison Avenue has a daytime squad of 15 private police hired by the

area's merchants for \$2,400 a week. Less visible protection is being supplied by many companies never before concerned with the security business. Astrophysics Research Corp. has developed a machine to detect dynamite up to five feet away. K.M.S. Technology Center has devised a system that compares the fingerprints on an ID card with the finger of the man carrying it.

Government Market. A lengthening roster of companies are racing to take advantage of an expanding market. Of these, New York City's I.B.I. Security Service may be the fastest-growing security firm in the U.S. Started in September 1967 by two ex-detectives and a former reporter for the *New York Daily News*, it now has 1,000 employees and reported revenues last year of \$2,100,000. Spreading out, I.B.I. has al-



GUARDS TRAINING AT I.B.I.

More high-rise clients every month.

ready sold franchises in Miami and Minneapolis. Like many security companies, it goes in for all varieties of protection—uniformed guards, undercover detectives, police dogs, electronic alarms, armored cars and lie-detector service. It also has a \$500,000 grant from the U.S. Department of Labor to teach security techniques to 250 trainees, many of whom were hard-core unemployed.

The Government, in fact, is an important customer for private security service and paraphernalia. The Justice Department is paying for a survey of security needs and the installation of experimental intrusion-alarm systems in one city. It granted \$84,700 to the Cedar Rapids police, who bought an alarm system from the Wells Fargo Alarm Services Division of Baker Industries. The company has put 350 intrusion alarms into gas stations, taverns, warehouses, stores and small factories. The alarms

are tripped by various means—metallic foil on windows, ultrasonic waves, photoelectric beams—and connected by telephone wire to a central panel at police headquarters. If this gear catches many intruders, alarms wired directly to police stations may become commonplace for small businesses. Baker Industries' revenues have grown fivefold in the past five years, and management plans to expand capital spending in 1970. Unfortunately for the nation, the business of combating crime and violence seems to get better every year.

JAPAN

Steeling for Competition

Although it exports its products with ever-increasing enthusiasm, Japan has maintained a closed-door policy toward imports and foreign investments. It has been under heavy pressure from its trading partners in recent years to ease its rigid protectionism. Still, the Japanese are cautious; if they must open their economy to big foreign investment, they want no corporate giants from abroad to take over too much.

To minimize the risk, Premier Sato's government has been urging Japanese businesses to grow stronger by merging. In notable response last week, Japan's two leading steel producers, Yawata and Fuji Iron & Steel, joined forces to become the Nippon Steel Corp. The new company is the world's second largest steel producer, behind U.S. Steel. It is also Japan's largest corporation, with annual sales of \$3.1 billion. Together the two companies last year produced 31.5 million tons of crude steel, or 36% of Japan's total. In a period of resurgent Japanese nationalism, the merger has symbolic as well as business significance: Yawata and Fuji were parts of a single firm, also called Nippon Steel, until U.S. occupation authorities split them up after World War II.

Nippon officials already talk of overtaking U.S. Steel by 1972. But an open confrontation in world markets between the titans is not likely soon. After severe prodding by Washington, the Japanese in 1968 agreed "voluntarily" to limit their shipments to the U.S. to 5,200,000 tons a year. So far, the move has been relatively painless for Japanese steelmen, who have found new markets in Europe and China to bolster home markets that are rising fast. After years of skimping on domestic needs to concentrate on exports, the Japanese are at last expanding and improving their inadequate housing, roads and harbors.

The Yawata-Fuji merger, which markedly strengthens Japan's basic industry, comes at a propitious time. The government will soon inaugurate a new economic plan that calls for an annual growth rate of 10.6% and a doubling of the per capita income to \$2,778 by 1975. Since the impossible is commonplace in the Japanese economy, critics are already calling the plan too conservative.

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MARKETING

Pied Piper of Wall Street

Although Cortes Wesley Randall, 34, liked to say that he "wouldn't consider hiring anyone over 30," the founder of the National Student Marketing Corp. was hardly a hirsute radical himself. In five years, he worked himself up to a Lear Jet and a \$600,000 Virginia horse-country estate by tapping the youth market and using its glamour to make money on the stock market. Then the paper profits suddenly vanished. Last week N.S.M. stock had sunk to \$3 from December's high of \$72, the Securities and Exchange Commission was looking into insider dealings, and some blue-chip Wall Street firms that had been involved were blushing pink.

Cortes Finds Gold. The smooth-talking son of a financial consultant to Latin American governments, Randall started his company in 1964 by publishing a summer-employment guide for students. Working from a base in Washington, D.C., he built up a network of 700 campus representatives to sell magazine subscriptions. By 1966, Randall had gone mod and was promoting computer-matched dating and half-fare cards for American Airlines. Other gimmicks that he and his campus representatives pushed included the outrageous and the plain corny: a pillow for sit-in demonstrators featuring a pocket containing No Doz pills to keep the user awake, a poster showing the Gothic splendors of Notre Dame above the line "Gargoyle with Listerine."

Next, the conquistador of the campus decided to turn his company into a conglomerate, the first U.S. corporate giant based entirely on the purchasing power of youth. "We find ourselves in situations similar to Carnegie and Sloan," Randall intoned. With the old-line firm of Auchincloss, Parker & Redpath managing the underwriting syndicate, N.S.M. went public in 1968 at \$6 a share. In two years of frantic stock swapping and cash deals, Randall acquired 27 companies (a student-insurance concern, a poster maker, the publishers of *Europe on \$5 a Day*). N.S.M. sales reached \$68 million last year.

The stock rocketed; traded over the counter, it hit \$52 before splitting two for one. Buyers have included Morgan Guaranty, Continental Illinois National Bank, and the endowment funds of Harvard and Cornell. Gerald Tsai's Manhattan Fund bought 122,000 shares last October at an average \$41 per share. When Wall Street was thirsting for a growth stock, Randall provided it.

During his acquisition drive, Wall Street houses were given as finder's fees a good deal of N.S.M. letter stock (an issue not registered with the SEC and thus not readily marketable). Kidder, Peabody put out a 17-page report forecasting "significant growth" for N.S.M. and got 4,000 shares from the company just nine days later for helping to arrange a merger. By last De-



RANDALL & WIFE AT HOME
The blue chips turned pink.

cember, the writing was on the wall if not yet in the annual report. But Wall Street was still impressed; Bear, Stearns & Co. quarreled with an article in *Barron's*, which noted that without the profits of its acquisitions, N.S.M. would have had none of its own.

Lofty Predictions. Insiders had already begun selling off. In mid-December, the company and 16 of its officers and shareholders sold 316,585 shares of letter stock at about \$43 to banks, mutual funds and insurance companies. Randall made a number of sales of his shares. Over the objections of his top aides, Randall continued to play the Pied Piper through January, predicting to securities salesmen across the country that N.S.M. sales would nearly double in 1970 and that profits would rise from 11¢ to \$2 a share.

Far from making a profit, the company lost \$859,889 during this year's first quarter. Official explanation: "a mechanical error" in shifting figures from one set of books to another had cut sales by more than \$4,000,000. In addition, campus representatives were deluged with more posters and samples than they could tack up or give out; many items were simply dumped.

Randall left N.S.M. under pressure in February. The new president, Roger W. Walther, 34, is reorganizing and changing the auditing practices. The headquarters staff has been cut from 160 to 18 in an effort to stop the slide. With whatever he managed to save from the debacle, Randall and his wife have withdrawn to his mock-Tudor Virginia estate. "You can't take anything for granted," says he, "even success."

INVESTMENT

Joining the First Families

Operating on their own, either the Rothschilds or the Rockefellers would seem to have all the financial muscle they could want or need. Taken together, the power and acumen of the two families open boundless possibilities. Now for the first time they have joined forces—in a new European mutual fund called the 3-R Fund. Early next month 3-R will offer about \$10 million in shares to the Italian public. A quarter of the control will be held by N.M. Rothschild & Sons, the London bank that represents the British branch of the multinational family. Another 25% will be held by IBEC (International Basic Economy Corp.), a publicly owned U.S. development company that is controlled by the Rockefeller family. The third R in the new fund, and owner of 50% of the stock, is a powerful Italian insurance company called R.A.S.

Bringing the Rothschilds and Rockefellers together was a personal triumph for Ettore Lolli, president of R.A.S. Lolli, 61, emigrated from fascist Italy to the U.S. in 1940. After the war, he became the Manhattan representative of Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, Italy's big government-owned bank. Called back to Rome in 1957 to be groomed for the bank's top job, he also became a director of IBEC. Lolli eventually found himself blocked by the Socialists in the government; they wanted a member of their own party to head the bank. So he left Lavoro in 1966 and was asked to run R.A.S. When another major insurance company began tying the cash value of its life policies to the cost-of-living index, Lolli was faced with keen competition. Although he considered his competitor's plans unsound, he had to offer his own clients a hedge against inflation. "I had to give my R.A.S. agents something extra to sell," says Lolli—and he decided on mutual funds.

Ripe for the Venture. The question was, what fund? Lolli's answer was to interest IBEC in helping form a new Italian fund. Later the Rothschilds, with whom Lolli had been involved in forming a British merchant bank, offered their backing, and 3-R was born. The chairman of the fund will be Evelyn de Rothschild, 38, the polo-playing contender for leadership of the British house of Rothschild.

Italy seems ripe for the venture. Poor investment opportunities and the country's continuing political uncertainty have caused a soaring sellers' market in foreign mutual funds. The rush to buy was so great last year that the Bank of Italy stopped all sales except those of foreign funds that agreed to put half their assets into Italian stocks. With its highly placed board of directors and its research talent, 3-R should have little trouble finding investments in Italy. If they succeed there, the two first families of international finance might well look elsewhere for joint ventures.

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THE THEATER

Bacallelujah!

Lauren Bacall is the pearl in a half-good, half-not-so-good oyster of a musical called *Applause*. Star quality is supposed to be indefinable, but Bacall helps to define it. Just as one does not have to search for Picasso's signature to recognize a Picasso, so Bacall's work bears the indelible marks of style and self. She owns the stage but wants the earth. A bundle of past struggles, future aspirations and present tensions, she is never in true repose. Her presence is a demand—a lot from others and even more from herself. It is also a gift, not of the best acting, singing and dancing, but of the distilled essence of a full life experience poured through those modes of expression. Like her friend Katharine Hepburn, she welds character and personality. Thanks to nature's potter, she also happens to be a striking beauty.

Since Broadway is a trifle short of inspiration these days, the story of *Applause* is a retreat of the 1950 movie *All About Eve*. A young actress, Eve Harrington (Penny Fuller), carefully masks her ambitions in order to insinuate herself into the friendship and concern of an established theater star, Margo Channing (Bacall). Middle age is the devil's prompter in Margo's mind, popping biting retorts in her mouth about the jeopardy of fame, and chilling qualms in her heart about her love affair with a younger di-

rector (Len Cariou). With serpentine guile and horizontal campaigning, Eve slithers her way upward toward Margo's coveted stardom. However, Margo salvages what counts most: her lover, plus the hard-won grace to acknowledge that even unscrupulous youth must be served.

Sentimentality in Reverse. "The bitch-goddess, success" was a phrase coined by William James. What Mary Orr, who penned the original story, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who scripted the film, and Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who wrote the book for *Applause*, have done is to reverse James and produce a clever little parable on the success goddess—bitchiness. It may be clever, but it is far from valid. Cynicism is sentimentality in reverse and equally untrue. Of all places, the theater, with its intense critical scrutiny, verifies the copybook maxim that success must be earned and that only merit will sustain it.

The overall merit of *Applause* is a sleek professionalism that neatly camouflages its shortcomings. The music and lyrics have the glistening utility of railroad tracks carrying the playgoer from station to station of the plot. The chorus numbers, staged by Director-Choreographer Ron Field, belong to the squirrel theory of dance. Everyone scampers, scampers, scampers, but with so much *joie de vivre* that animation almost qualifies as design. A perky, elfin-like charmer named Bonnie Franklin lends spirited vitality to the song-and-dance title number and is rightly rewarded with a storm of applause.

As the puss-in-spurred-boots, Penny Fuller's Eve is a model feline, but the ultimate irony of the plot is that nobody, but nobody could take a show away from Lauren Bacall. Ticket holders can certainly thank their lucky stars for that.

Gift of Golden Gab

The English language brings out the best in the Irish. They court it like a beautiful woman. They make it bray with donkey laughter. They hurl it at the sky like a paintpot full of rainbows, and then make it chant a dirge for man's fate and man's follies that is as mournful as misty spring rain crying over the fallow earth. Rarely has a people paid the lavish compliment and taken the subtle revenge of turning its oppressor's speech into sorcery.

Among recent Irish sorcerers with the gift of golden gab, Brendan Behan ranks high. In his rambunctiously brief 40-year life, he left the modern theater two plays, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*, that have already shown a durable vitality. He also wrote an autobiography of his late teens called *Borstal Boy*. Though it lacks the density, scope and genius of Joyce's book, this

BERT ANDREWS



TOIBIN & GRIMES IN "BORSTAL BOY"
A paintpot of rainbows.

is Behan's *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man*. With a loving fidelity, playwright Frank McMahon has pasted together a play that is more of a stage scrapbook, an episodic family album in which the elder Behan (Niall Toibin) sits at the edge of the stage and acts as a kind of chorus commentator on his earlier self (Frank Grimes).

Common Humanity. In Act I, Behan is a boy of 16, an idealistic dupe of the Irish Republican Army just after the outbreak of World War II. He is captured in Liverpool even before he can open his suitcase full of explosives. In the local jail, he is brutally beaten by his captors and mocked and bullied by most of his fellow captives, who share a vindictively narrow loathing for the Irish and Catholicism, not to mention the I.R.A.

The distinctly less savage Act II seems almost bucolic, as Behan serves out his sentence on a "borstal," a kind of reform school. Here, boyish camaraderie and the spirit of barracks-room pranks prevail, so that Behan feels a wrenching, if temporary, sadness when the time comes for his release.

The borstal boys are an uncouth lot, mostly representative scum of the urban slums, yet their individual characters and common humanity are finely delineated by the superb Dublin Abbey Theater players. As the young Behan, Frank Grimes is one of those actors who make reviewers long for new adjectives of praise. He is evocative, ardent and totally winning. As the older Behan, Niall Toibin looks uncannily like the man he is playing, and his Gaelic way with a bawdy tune could set a barroom on the roar.

Borstal Boy is full of the warm stuff of life, brave and craven, joyous and sorrowing, abased one moment and noble the next. You don't have to be Irish to laugh and cry with it. The human heartbeat has no brogue.



BACALL IN "APPLAUSE"
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Coagulated Treacle

Of a ship that has suffered an accident at sea, it is sometimes said, in the vocabulary of marine gallantry, that she came into port "under her own power." In any given season, a surprising number of crippled shows, often musicals, limp into Manhattan listing badly. For them, Broadway is not a safe haven, but a bone yard.

Look to the Lilies belongs to this sorry lot. Adapted from the 1963 film *Lilies of the Field*, which starred Lilia Skala and Sidney Poitier, the show is peculiarly ill-attuned to the temper of the present time. The musical presents a group of West German nuns relocated in the Southwestern U.S. They are trying to minister to Mexicans and Indians under the flinty, egocentric but spiritually incandescent will of their superior, Mother Maria (Shirley Booth). Into their midst comes a Negro on the lam, Homer Smith (Al Freeman Jr.). It is Mother Maria's conviction that Homer is the chosen instrument of God for building a chapel in their faith-parched wilderness. Naturally, he builds it. So much for suspense.

The age is such that the only nun people would queue up for at the box office would be one who is leaving the church, and the only black, one who is demanding reparations from it. Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn must have lost interest before they wrote the score, and any playgoer will lose heart as soon as he hears it. Whatever money Joshua Logan received for his lethargic direction or Jo Mielziner for his anemic sets was collected under false pretenses.

Shirley Booth and Al Freeman Jr. summon up considerable professional zest, and contrive to pour the coagulated treacle of Leonard Spigelglass's lines as if it were liquid gold. One may wish them better luck next time. Better sense they should have already.

No Madness in these Marxes

Anyone who has loved the Marx Brothers a lot is bound to like *Minnie's Boys* a little. The musical, based on their early lives, is only fitfully amusing and tunelessly nondescript. But it is just ingratiating enough to capitalize on audience good will, the unnumbered happy hours during which people have watched and remembered the zany antics of the brothers on film.

There are pitifully few zany antics in *Minnie's Boys*, a reflection of several basic errors in conception and construction that the musical never overcomes. In essence, the Marx Brothers were absurdist, comic illogicians who disrupted routines, tipped the daily balance sheet of existence awry, and exploded surprises like firecrackers. By contrast, the musical is a routine Broadway blueprint of the oft-repeated show-biz saga. Here it all is—indigent beginnings, ineffectual father, indomitable, solicitous and insufferable stage mother, fleabag hotels, one-night stands, the big chance with

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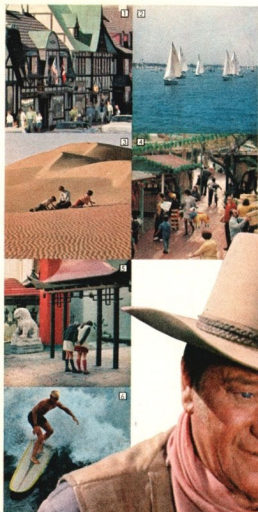
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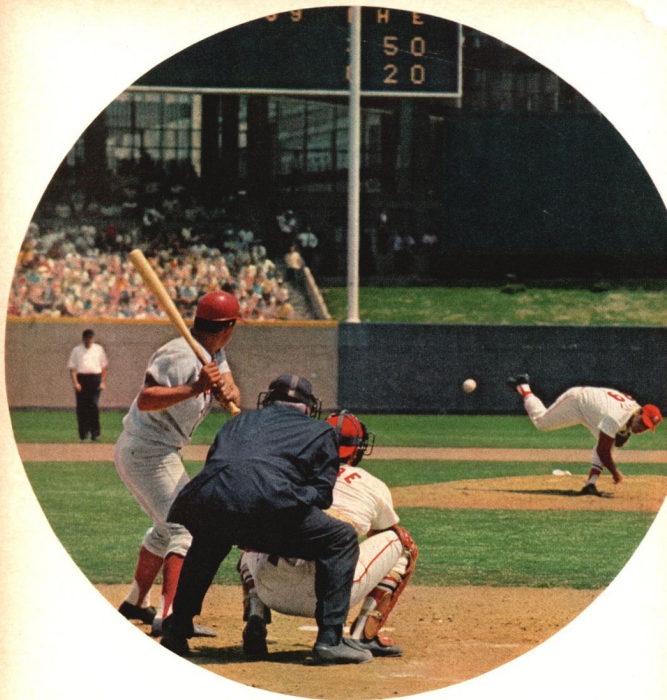
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the kingpin producer, a smash hit at vaudeville's old Valhalla, the Palace, and at the final fadeout, on to Hollywood and immortality. The plot is as inflexibly mythic as the stock western.

Minnie's Boys does not present the birth of stars, merely the birth pangs of stars. It is a little like watching a boy finger-painting and then brushing a few crude daubs on a canvas, after which these scenes are assembled in a show called *Mama da Vinci's Boy Leon*. Few people are likely to want to see the ordeal of apprenticeship onstage, the step-by-step trial of talent, and the stumble-by-stumble inevitability of error. In *Minnie's Boys* that is pretty much what the audience is condemned to observe. Only once, in the office of the vaudeville-circuit impresario, Edward F. Albee (Roland Winters), does

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MINNIE & HER BOYS
Birth pangs of stars.

the authentic Marxian madness break out with props and malaprops zinging through the air to demonstrate what has been missing all along.

The show might have built more impact from a brazen dynamo in the role of Mama Minnie Marx, à la Ethel Merman in *Gypsy*. As it is, Shelley Winters ambles through the part rather than animating it. She seems preoccupied, as if she smelled something burning in the oven rather than in her.

While the actors do a creditable imitation of the famed brothers, it is Lewis J. Stadlen as Groucho who achieves inspired mimicry. He has the best lines. (Groucho always did.) He has all the rest too: the eyes and eyebrows that whip up and down like window shades, the fluent crouch, the quick leer and the quicker wit of an urban bordello cavalier. He is a great credit to the show and—the ultimate compliment—to Groucho.

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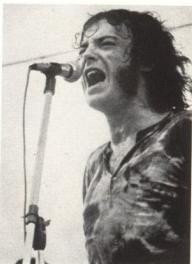
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CINEMA

Hold On to Your Neighbor

It is happening all over again. Woodstock, last summer's "three days of love and peace," has been re-created in a joyous, volcanic new film that will make those who missed the festival feel as if they were there. Those who actually were there will see it even more intimately. But *Woodstock* is far more than a sound-and-light souvenir of a long weekend concert. Purely as a piece of cinema, it is one of the finest documentaries ever made in the U.S.*

Making the movie was an enormous and sometimes haphazard undertaking. Director-Cinematographer Michael Wad-




JOE COCKER IN "WOODSTOCK"
Enriching to superhuman proportions.

leigh organized a 25-man crew on only a few days' notice, shot over 120 hours of footage, then edited it all down in a frantic seven months. It is no small tribute to Wadleigh's dexterity that the film's three-hour running time passes with the mesmerizing speed of a Jimi Hendrix guitar solo. There could comfortably be even more. Using such intricate optical effects as split screen, overlapping and double framing, Wadleigh has expanded and enriched the original musical performances so that, in many cases, they seem to be almost superhuman.

Woodstock's most obvious attraction is the music, and rock has never sounded—or looked—better than it does in the movie. "Hold on to your neighbor," says an onstage announcer at one point

* Presumably because of some nudity and some rather raucous language, Jack Valenti's industry watchdogs have awarded *Woodstock* an R rating. Besides giving the whole thing a slightly salacious air, this means in effect that many young people who attended the festival cannot go to the movie without their parents.

A man and a woman are standing in a shop filled with various silverware, including teapots, plates, and bowls. The man is wearing a blue shirt and a patterned jacket, and the woman is wearing a light blue dress. They are both smiling and looking at each other. The woman is holding a small silver bowl on top of her head. The background is filled with shelves of silverware, creating a rich, textured environment.

*You've
always
had
it
in
you*

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*Just
let
yourself
go
on
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You're so taken with Scandinavia you want it all for yourselves. His and her sweaters in Norway. Ditto on Sweden's suede. But here you are in Copenhagen and suddenly you think of home. You do the porcelain and linen and silver bit. And a wee bit of clowning on the sidewalk. Anywhere else you'd be a sideshow. But this is Scandinavia and all is well: even a pair of Americans playing pots and pans on the promenade.

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early in the proceedings, and moviegoers should be sure to take the same precautions. The sound track comes rushing out of a four-track stereo system that manages to give the exhilarating sensation of total immersion in sound. Joz Cocker gives a gutsy, driving interpretation of the Beatles' *With a Little Help from My Friends*. Performing part of the rock opera *Tommy*, Peter Townshend of The Who tames his guitar like some wild electronic animal, while Santana makes the theater seats vibrate, and Alvin Lee of Ten Years After comes close to tearing down the movie screen. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young sound slightly out of tune ("It's only our second gig," says Crosby, explaining the group's nervousness to the assembled 500,000) but Arlo Guthrie comes over with a sureness and command only intermittently evident in *Alice's Restaurant*. Sha Na Na offer a neat, affectionate and very funny send-up of '50s rock with their strutting, snarling, pomaded version of *At the Hop*.

Sinuous Color. Wadleigh is equally successful at conveying the sociological aspects of the event through concise interviews with townspeople, festival organizers, police and members of the audience. Everyone from a chief of police to a maintenance man for the Port-O-San portable toilet corporation gets his say. *Woodstock*, however, is not an unrelieved celebration. For every shot of easy affection in the grass and innocent group bathing in the nude, there is a scene in the medical tent, or the ominous voice of the onstage announcers: "The word is that some of the brown acid being passed around is very bad stuff . . . Will Helen Savage please call her father at the Glory Motel in Woodridge?"

The technical expertise used to achieve *Woodstock's* pulsating, visceral effects should stand as a model of non-fiction film making. Particularly outstanding are the sinuous color photography (a good deal of it done by Wadleigh himself) and the editing by T. Schoonmaker and Martin Scorsese—a masterly combination of taste, timing and theatrics. There are sequences—such as one in which John Sebastian dedicates a song to a girl who has just given birth—of lilting simplicity. There is the hysteria of The Who and the pure rhythmic orgasm of Ten Years After. They all help to make *Woodstock* as unique on film as it was in fact, "the mind blower," as John Sebastian puts it, "of all time."

Quartet of Soloists

With a zealot's burning eyes and a full beard, he encouraged comparison with artistic notions of Jesus; yet he found Christianity a perversion of man's finest instincts. "My great religion," declared D.H. Lawrence, "is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect." But his books are models of calculation, the grown-up products

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of the scholarship boy who was a great exam taker. Although Lawrence celebrated the phallus and sang of the masculine principle, his every work is marked by an almost feminine hysteria that nags as it argues.

Why should anyone pay attention to this neurotic, preaching, overreaching relic of the '20s? Because, along with his thousand faults, Lawrence had a single saving virtue: genius. It was a quicksilver quality that the writer himself could never quite consolidate, and the adapters of *Women in Love* can hardly be blamed for the instability of their film. It is miraculous that they brought it off at all.

Animated Sisters. In the shadow of the Great War, four Midlanders hurtle toward a collective destiny. School In-



JACKSON & LINDEN AS "WOMEN IN LOVE"
Preaching with overreaching genius.

spector Rupert Birkin (Alan Bates) not only takes the author's part but is contumacious and bearded to resemble him. His friend, Gerald Crich (Oliver Reed), is a misnomer who represents the century's death wish: mechanization. Their lovers are the animated Brangwen sisters, Ursula (Jennie Linden) and Gudrun (Glenda Jackson).

Of the four, the dark, hulking Reed is the most remote from the author's conception of a Nordic Superman. The closest to the true Lawrentine is Glenda Jackson, who made her reputation as Charlotte Corday in the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Marat-Sade*. Playing the repressed, inflammable Gudrun, she is a total re-creation of the impassioned, nearly liberated woman whose yards of shapeless clothes could not conceal her unrelieved sexual longing, and whose prudish conversation was almost always alive with allusions.

Neither the book nor the film has a conventional plot. The players move from segment to segment, progressing

in Ursula and Birkin's case to partial salvation, in Gudrun and Gerald's to personal destruction.

Clashing Souls. Throughout Larry Kramer's literate scenario the Lawrentian themes blaze and gutter. The sooty mind-crushing coal mines that young Lawrence knew like the back of his hand are re-created in all their malignance. The annealing quality of sex is exhibited in the most erotic—and tasteful—lust scenes anywhere in contemporary film. The century's agonies are brilliantly prefigured in a series of poor and privileged characters who speak out against forces they can discern but not define.

Yet it is that very speech that damages so much of the movie. In the book it had a semblance of argument, of clashing souls seeking converts. In the film, the quartet is composed of soloists who listen only to themselves. Not without reason. Statements like "Try to love me a little more and want me a little less," or "It is better to die than to live mechanically" creak like unrepaid antiques. The book's celebrated nude wrestling scene was supposed to dramatize Lawrence's wish for a return to the presexual child-state. In the film's formal, choreographic version, Birkin makes a post-fight declaration to Gerald: "We are mentally and spiritually close. Therefore we should be physically close too—it's more complete." The line may be pure Lawrence, but it now seems little more than another cinematic plea for homosexuality.

The beauty and energy of the novel flow between the lines, around the characters. Ken Russell's direction provides wit and a pictorial opulence that belie the film's lean budget. But *Women in Love* oscillates too frequently from the shrill to the booming, from woman to man, from instinct to rationale, without once adapting a coherent point of view. In time, the narcissistic opus becomes like its author, who ultimately lived down to Katherine Anne Porter's summation. He gives, she said, "the nightmarish impression of the bisexual snail squeezed into its narrow house making love to itself."

Landscape for Lovers

Love Is a Funny Thing is a kind of dual romance. It is simultaneously the story of an affair between a French film actress (Annie Girardot) and a composer (Jean-Paul Belmondo) and a testament to Director Claude Lelouch's passion for the U.S. The whole country becomes a vast film set through which Lelouch moves his actors with the abandon of an intoxicated tourist.

Thanks primarily to the considerable charm of the two leading players, the characters never get lost. Belmondo's boyish bravura and Annie Girardot's wily sexuality lend substance to a plot as insubstantial as California sunshine. The lovers first meet on the set of a Hollywood film in which she plays the lead. He has been commissioned to write

a suitably romantic score "with a lot of fiddles." Prolonged transatlantic phone calls to their respective mates serve only to increase the passion of an affair begun as a kind of mutual convenience. Their first night together is amusing, satisfying, but also rather flippant. When the time approaches for him to leave, however, he proposes on a whim that they fly off to Las Vegas for a night. On a whim—and perhaps on the hope of something more—she accepts.

They spend a giggly evening at a floor show in Caesar's Palace, then, instead of parting in the morning, continue their journey through the Southwest. Their car is pursued by imaginary Indians on the warpath and they realize, finally, that their longing for each other is even deeper than their lone-



BELMONDO & GIRARDOT IN "FUNNY THING"
Gallic billet-doux.

liness. By the time they reach New Orleans, she has confessed to her husband and forced her paramour to make a decision: they will end their marriages and rendezvous in Nice.

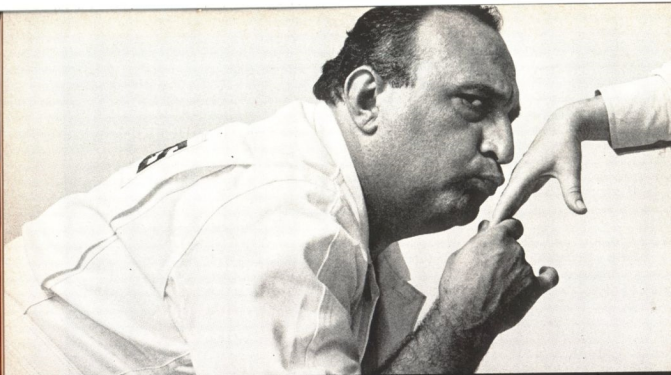
Extensive improvisation lends to many of Lelouch's scenes an admirable air of spontaneous good humor—as when the lovers pause in an Arizona roadside café and spend a few minutes identifying the portraits on their French currency to an incredulous waiter. This humor, in fact, is the film's saving grace.

In such previous exercises as *A Man and a Woman*, Lelouch's unrelievedly romantic style has over-emphasized his mawkish plots. Here he seems at times to be kidding himself. The zestful air of holiday and discovery is irresistible. If Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* was a poison-pen letter to America, then *Love Is a Funny Thing* is a distinctively Gallic billet-doux that turns the entire continent into a joyful landscape for lovers.

**North and South,
East and West,
Young and Old,
Rich and Poor,
Jew and Gentile,
Black and White
and Brown
and Yellow
and Red,
This town,
this city,
this state,
this country
bleeds a little
every day.**

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Empty your hands.
And roll up your
sleeves. With
The American
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